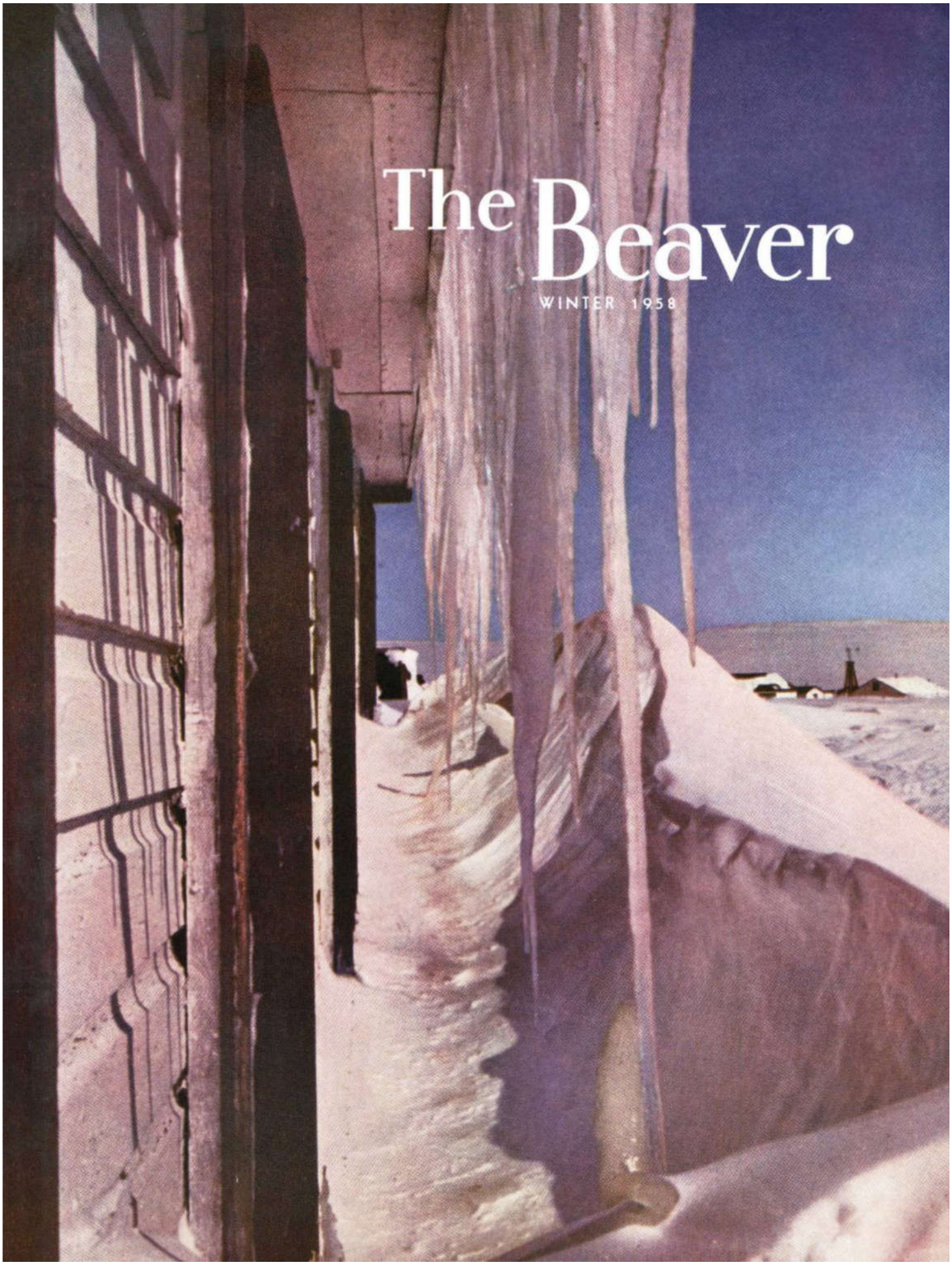

The Beaver

WINTER 1958

songs of the eskimo

Fear was about me . . .
In my little house
Remaining was intolerable.

Hungry and starving
I staggered in over land,
For ever stumbling forwards.

At "the little musk-ox lake"
The trout made fun of me.
I got no bite.

Onward then I toiled
To "The young man's broad" –
I had caught salmon there once.

I did so wish to see
Swimming caribou or fish in a lake.
That joy was my one wish.

My thought ended in nothing.
It was like a line
That all runs out.

Would I ever, I wondered
Have firm ground to stand on?
Magic words I mumbled all the way.

Kingmerut.
ELLIS RIVER, QUEEN MAUD SEA.

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

WINTER 1958
OUTFIT 289

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

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Eastern Arctic settlement.
Photograph by Father Guy Mary-Rousseliere

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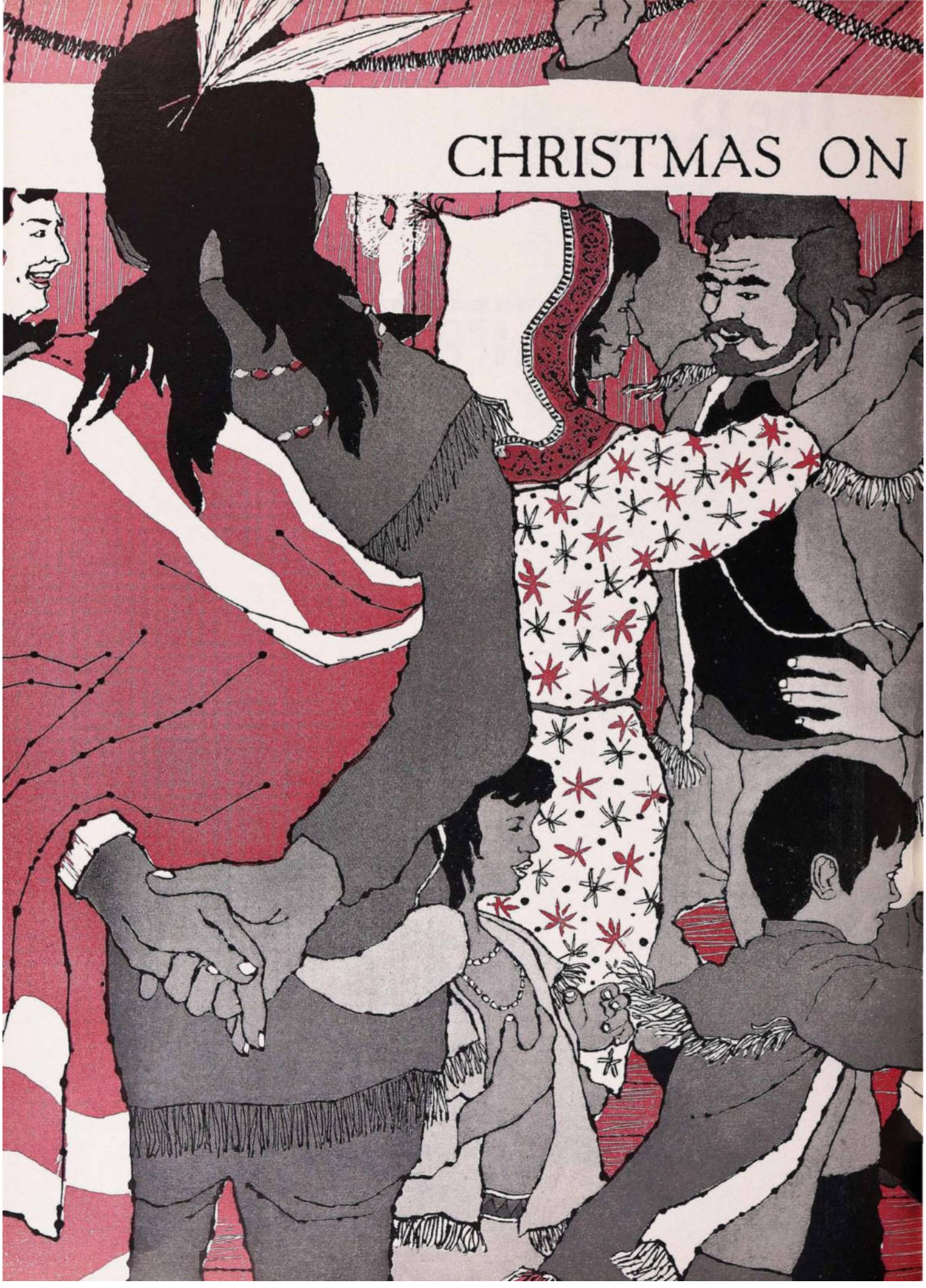

CHRISTMAS ON

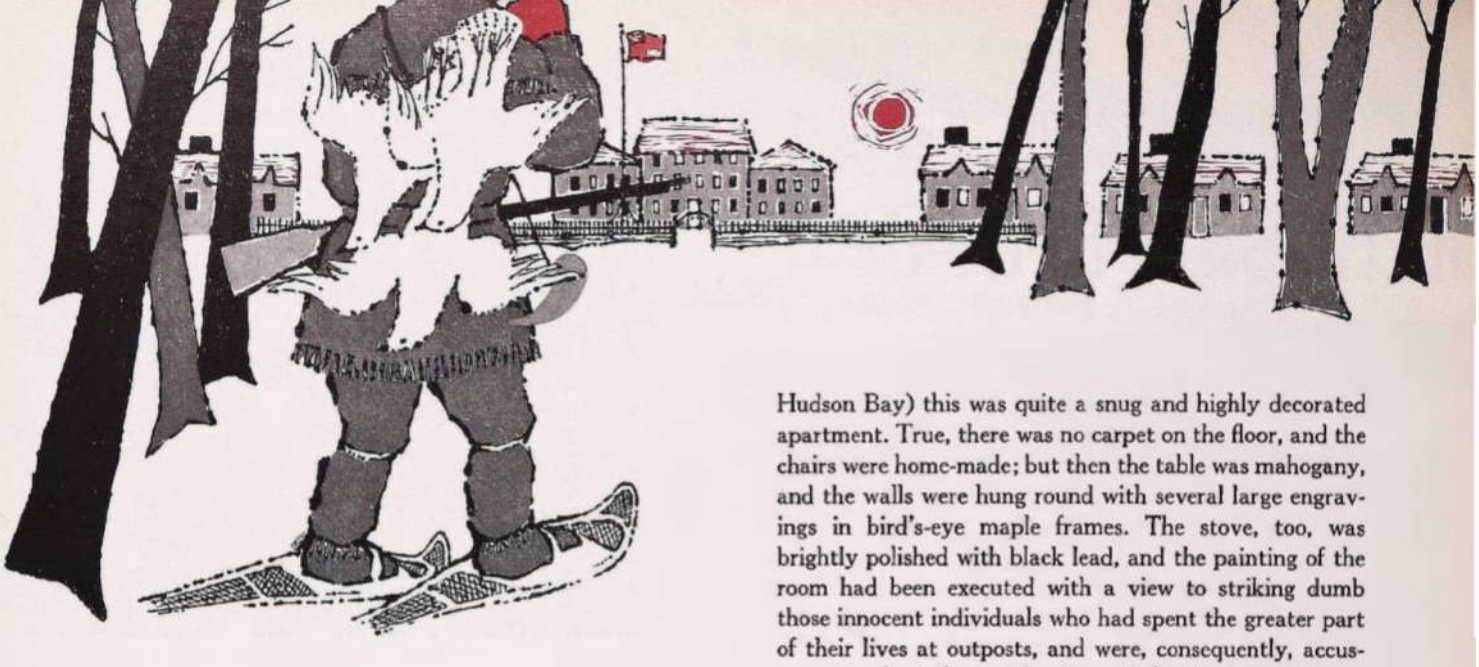
HUDSON BAY

BY
R. M. BALLANTYNE

DRAWINGS BY KEN ZEALEY

An excerpt from "Hudson Bay" published in 1848. Ballantyne joined the Hudson's Bay Company when he was sixteen and spent six years at York Factory, where James Hargrave (his 'Mr. Grave') was in charge, and inland. Our illustrations are an imaginative concept with no claim to literal accuracy.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned, and I opened my eyes to behold the sun flashing brightly on the window, in its endeavours to make a forcible entry into my room through the thick hoar-frost which covered the panes. Presently I became aware of a gentle breathing near me, and turning my eyes slowly round, I beheld my companion Crusty standing on tiptoe, with a tremendous grin on his countenance, and a huge pillow in his hands, which was in the very act of descending upon my devoted head. To collapse into the smallest possible compass, and present the most invulnerable part of my body to the blow, was the work of an instant, when down came the pillow, bang!



"Hooroo! hurroo! hurroo! a merry Christmas to you, you rascal!" shouted Crusty. Bang! bang! went the pillow. "Turn out of that, you lazy lump of plethoric somnolescence," whack!—and, twirling, the ill-used pillow round his head, my facetious friend rushed from the room, to bestow upon the other occupants of the hall a similar salutation.

Upon recovering from the effects of my pommelling, I sprang from bed and donned my clothes with all speed, and then went to pay my friend Mr. Wilson the compliments of the season. In passing through the hall for this purpose, I discovered Crusty struggling in the arms of the skipper, who, having wrested the pillow from him, was now endeavouring to throttle him partially. I gently shut and fastened the door of their room, purposing to detain them there till *very nearly* too late for breakfast, and then sat down with Mr. Wilson to discuss our intended proceedings during the day. These were—firstly, that we should go and pay a ceremonious visit to the men; secondly, that we should breakfast; thirdly, that we should go out to shoot partridges; fourthly, that we should return to dinner at five; and fifthly, that we should give a ball in Bachelors' Hall in the evening, to which were to be invited all the men at the fort, and *all* the Indians, men, women and children, inhabiting the country for thirty miles round. As the latter, however, did not amount to above twenty, we did not fear that more would come than our hall was calculated to accommodate. In pursuance, then, of these resolutions, I cleaned my gun, freed my prisoners just as the breakfast-bell was ringing, and shortly afterwards went out to shoot. I will not drag the reader after me, but merely say that we all returned about dusk, with our game-bags full, and ravenous appetites for dinner.

Our Christmas dinner was a good one, in a substantial point of view; and a very pleasant one, in a social point of view. We ate it in the winter mess-room; and really (for Hudson Bay) this was quite a snug and highly decorated apartment. True, there was no carpet on the floor, and the chairs were home-made; but then the table was mahogany, and the walls were hung round with several large engravings in bird's-eye maple frames. The stove, too, was brightly polished with black lead, and the painting of the room had been executed with a view to striking dumb those innocent individuals who had spent the greater part of their lives at outposts, and were, consequently, accustomed to domiciles and furniture of the simplest and most unornamental description. On the present grand occasion the mess-room was illuminated by an argand lamp, and the table covered with a snow-white cloth, whereon reposed a platter containing a beautiful fat, plump wild-goose, which had a sort of come-eat-me-up-quick-else-I'll-melt expression about it that was painfully delicious. Opposite to this smoked a huge roast of beef, to procure which one of our most useless draught oxen had been sacrificed. This, with a dozen of white partridges, and a large piece of salt pork, composed our dinner. But the greatest rarities on the board were two large decanters of port wine, and two smaller ones of Madeira. These were flanked by tumblers and glasses; and truly, upon the whole, our dinner made a goodly show.

"Come away, gentlemen," said Mr. Grave, as we entered the room and approached the stove where he stood, smiling with that benign expression of countenance peculiar to stout, good-natured gentlemen at this season, and at this particular hour. "Your walk must have sharpened your appetites; sit down, sit down. This way, doctor—sit near me; find a place, Mr. Ballantyne, beside your friend Crusty there; take the foot, Mr. Wilson;" and amid a shower of such phrases we seated ourselves and began.

At the top of the table sat Mr. Grave, indistinctly visible through the steam that rose from the wild goose before him. On his right and left sat the doctor and the accountant; and down from them sat the skipper, four clerks, and

Mr. Wilson, whose honest face beamed with philanthropic smiles at the foot of the table. Loud were the mirth and fun that reigned on this eventful day within the walls of the highly decorated room at York Factory. Bland was the expression of Mr. Grave's face when he asked each of the young clerks to drink wine with him in succession; and great was the confidence which thereby inspired the said clerks, prompting them to the perpetration of several rash and unparalleled pieces of presumption,—such as drinking wine with each other (an act of free-will on their part almost unprecedented), and indulging in sundry sly pieces of covert humour, such as handing the vinegar to each other when the salt was requested, and becoming profusely

apologetic upon discovering their mistake. But the wildest storm is often succeeded by the greatest calm, and the most hilarious mirth by the most solemn gravity. In the midst of our fun Mr. Grave proposed a toast. Each filled a bumper, and silence reigned around, while he raised his glass and said, "Let us drink to absent friends." We each whispered, "Absent friends," and set our glasses down in silence, while our minds flew back to the scenes of former days, and we mingled again in spirit with our dear, dear friends at home. How different the mirth of the loved ones there, circling round the winter hearth, from that of the *men* seated round the Christmas table in the nor'-west wilderness! I question very much if this toast was ever drunk with a more thorough appreciation of its melancholy import than upon the present memorable occasion. Our sad feelings, however, were speedily put to flight, and our gravity routed, when the skipper, with characteristic modesty, proposed, "the ladies;" which toast we drank with a hearty good-will, although, indeed, the former included them, inasmuch as they also were *absent* friends—the only one within two hundred and fifty miles of us being Mr. Grave's wife.

What a magical effect ladies have upon the male sex, to be sure! Although hundreds of miles distant from an unmarried specimen of the species, upon the mere mention of their name there was instantly a perceptible alteration

for the better in the looks of the whole party. Mr. Wilson unconsciously arranged his hair a little more becomingly, as if his ladye-love were actually looking at him; and the skipper afterwards confessed that his heart had bounded suddenly out of his breast, across the snowy billows of the Atlantic, and come smash down on the wharf at Plymouth Dock, where he had seen the last wave of Nancy's checked cotton neckerchief, as he left the shores of Old England.

Just as we had reached the above climax, the sound of a fiddle struck upon our ears, and reminded us that our guests who had been invited to the ball were ready; so, emptying our glasses, we left the dining-room and adjourned to the hall.

Here a scene of the oddest description presented itself. The room was lit up by means of a number of tallow candles, stuck in tin sconces round the walls. On benches and chairs sat the Orkneymen and Canadian half-breeds of the establishment, in their Sunday jackets and capotes; while here and there the dark visage of an Indian peered out from among their white ones. But round the stove—which had been removed to one side to leave space for the dancers—the strangest group was collected. Squatting down on the floor, in every ungraceful attitude imaginable, sat about a dozen Indian women, dressed in printed calico gowns, the chief peculiarity of which was the immense size of the balloon-shaped sleeves, and the extreme scantiness, both in length and width, of the skirts. Coloured handkerchiefs covered their heads, and ornamented moccasins decorated their feet; besides which, each one wore a blanket in the form of a shawl, which they put off before standing up to dance. They were chatting and talking to each other with great volubility, occasionally casting a glance behind them, where at least half-a-dozen infants stood bolt upright in their tight-laced cradles. On a chair, in a corner near the stove, sat a young good-looking Indian, with a fiddle of his own making beside him. This was our Paganini; and beside him sat an Indian boy with a kettle-drum, on which he tapped occasionally, as if anxious that the ball should begin.

All this flashed upon our eyes; but we had not much time for contemplating it, as, the moment we entered, the women simultaneously rose, and coming modestly forward to Mr. Wilson, who was the senior of the party, saluted him, one after another! I had been told that this was a custom of the *ladies* on Christmas day, and was consequently not quite unprepared to go through the ordeal. But when I looked at the superhuman ugliness of some of old ones—when I gazed at the immense, and in some cases toothless, chasms that were pressed to my senior's lips, and that gradually, like a hideous nightmare, approached towards me—and when I reflected that these same mouths

might have, in former days, demolished a few children—my courage forsook me, and I entertained for a moment the idea of bolting. The doctor seemed to labour under the same disinclination with myself; for when they advanced to him, he refused to bend his head, and, being upwards of six feet high, they of course were obliged to pass him. They looked, however, so much disappointed at this, and withal so very modest, that I really felt for them, and prepared to submit to my fate with the best grace possible. A horrible old hag advanced towards me, the perfect embodiment of a nightmare, with a fearful grin on her countenance. I shut my eyes. Suddenly a bright idea flashed across my mind; I stooped down, with apparent good-will, to salute her; but just as our lips were about to meet, I slightly jerked up my head, and she kissed my *chin*. Oh, happy thought! They were all quite satisfied, and attributed the accident, no doubt, to their own clumsiness—or to mine!

This ceremony over, we each chose partners, the fiddle struck up, and the ball began. Scotch reels were the only dances known by the majority of the guests, so we confined ourselves entirely to them.

The Indian women afforded us a good deal of amusement during the evening. Of all ungraceful beings they are the most ungraceful; and of all accomplishments, dancing is the one in which they shine least. There is no rapid motion of the feet, no lively expression of the countenance; but with a slow, regular, up-and-down motion, they stalk through the figure with extreme gravity. They seemed to enjoy it amazingly, however, and scarcely allowed the poor fiddler a moment's rest during the whole evening.

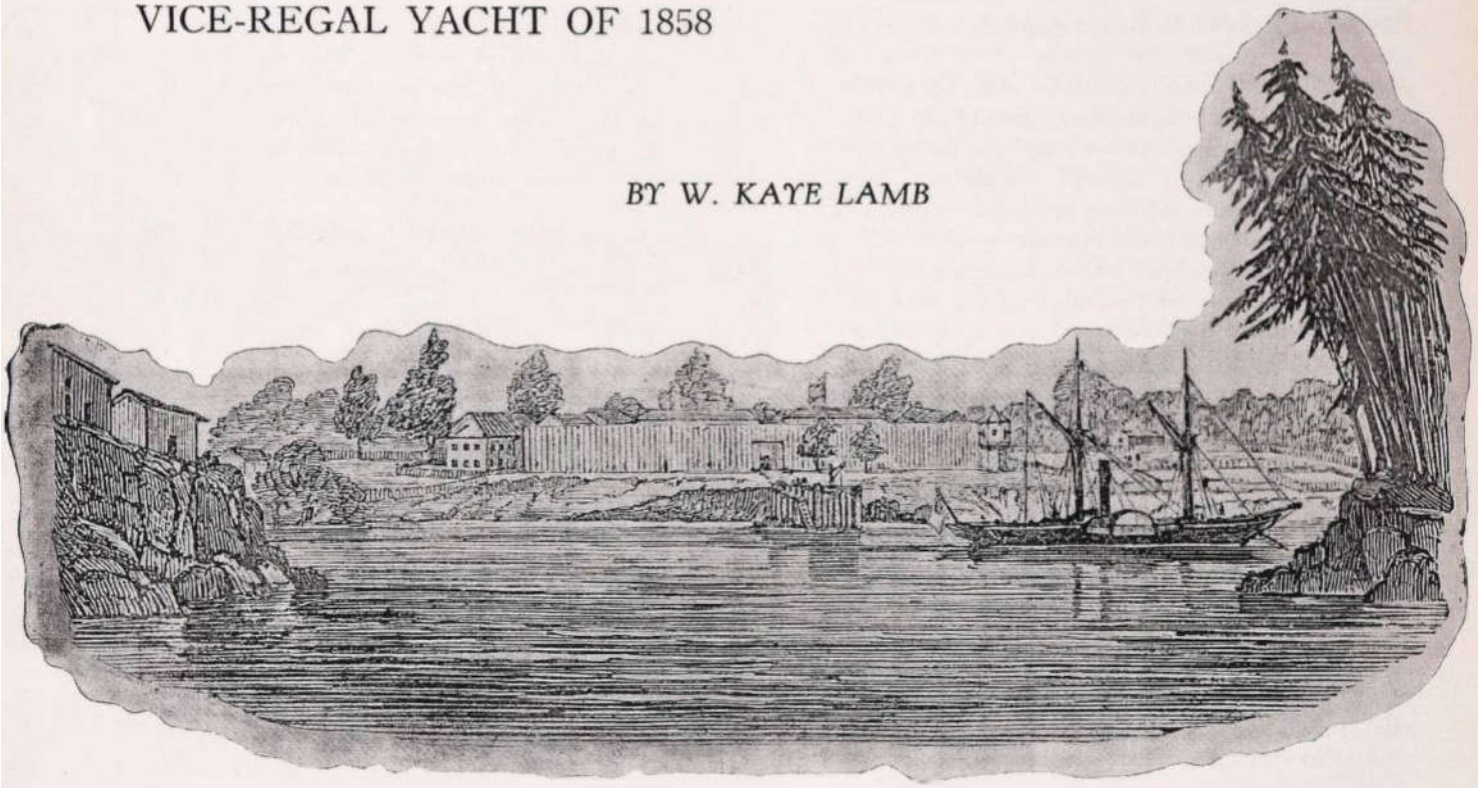
Between eleven and twelve o'clock our two tables were put together, and spread with several towels; thus forming a pretty respectable supper-table, which would have been perfect, had not the one part been three inches higher than the other. On it was placed a huge dish of cold venison, and a monstrous iron kettle of tea. This, with sugar, bread, and a lump of salt butter, completed the entertainment to which the Indians sat down. They enjoyed it very much—at least, so I judged from the rapid manner in which the viands disappeared, and the incessant chattering and giggling kept up at intervals. After all were satisfied, the guests departed in a state of great happiness; particularly the ladies, who tied up the remnants of their supper in their handkerchiefs, and carried them away.

Before concluding the description of our Christmas doings, I may as well mention a circumstance which resulted from the effects of the ball, as it shows in a curious manner the severity of the climate at York Factory. In consequence of the breathing of so many people in so small a room for such a length of time, the walls had become quite damp, and ere the guests departed moisture was trickling down in many places. During the night this moisture was frozen, and on rising the following morning I found, to my astonishment, that Bachelors' Hall was apparently converted into a palace of crystal. The walls and ceiling were thickly coated with beautiful minute crystalline flowers, not sticking flat upon them, but projecting outwards in various directions, thus giving the whole apartment a cheerful light appearance, quite indescribable. The moment our stove was heated however, the crystals became fluid, and ere long evaporated, leaving the walls exposed in all their original dinginess.

S. S. BEAVER

VICE-REGAL YACHT OF 1858

BY W. KAYE LAMB



The steamship "Beaver" lying off Fort Victoria in 1846.

THE log of the Hudson's Bay steamer *Otter* records how James Douglas (already Governor of the Colony of Vancouver Island) travelled from Victoria to Fort Langley, where he took the oath as Governor of the new Colony of British Columbia on November 19, 1858. On November 17, the *Otter* had crossed from Esquimalt and had dropped anchor off Point Roberts, near the mouth of the Fraser River. Her log for the next two days (misspellings and all) reads as follows:

Thursday, November 18:

7 A.M. Rcd. on board from H.M.S. *Sattelete,* Govr. Douglas, Admiral Baynes, & some others also a detachment of [Royal] Engineers for Fort Langley 10 Weighed & proceeded across the Sands the Govr. & party left us to join the *Beaver* we proceeding up [the Fraser] River to the old Fort beating the *Beaver* 24 minutes on the run from South Channel. Ends Heavy rain & SE wind.

Friday, November 19:

A.M. 7 Weighed & ran up to Fort Langley where anchored & landed the troop 1 P.M. Fired a loyal salute in honor of the inauguration of the Colony of British Columbia. . . .

It was to be expected that the Governor and the Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Navy's Pacific Station would travel to the mainland in a man-o-war, but the reason for the double shift from H.M.S. *Satellite,* first to the *Otter* and then to the *Beaver,* is less apparent. It is at least possible—indeed it is highly probable—that Douglas made this arrangement deliberately in order to give the aging *Beaver,* the first steamer to ply the waters of the North Pacific, a share in an event that he was sure would be regarded as an historic occasion in the years to come.

Dr. Lamb, noted historian of the Pacific Coast, is Dominion Archivist and National Librarian of Canada.

Douglas had known the *Beaver* ever since the day in June 1836, when she had sailed from Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, on the first of her many trading voyages to the northwest coast. During the next twenty years she had played a part in virtually every development of importance in the area, and Douglas himself had shared in many of her voyages and achievements. To mention only three: He had travelled in her to Sitka in 1840, when he completed arrangements with the Russians for carrying into effect the agreement whereby the Hudson's Bay Company took over the fur trade in the panhandle of Alaska; the next year she had carried both Douglas and Governor Simpson on an inspection trip that had resulted in major changes in trading policies on the coast; and in 1843 she had taken Douglas and a force of workmen to the harbour at the south end of Vancouver Island beside which they founded Fort Victoria.

It is clear that Douglas had a warm affection for the little steamer; but he had to tread warily at first, for she soon became a subject of violent controversy between Simpson and Douglas's superior officer, Dr. John McLoughlin. Simpson contended that most of the trading posts that McLoughlin had built, with much effort, at strategic points along the coast were no longer needed; two or three of them at the most, and the *Beaver*—herself a peripatetic trading post—were in his view ample to handle the trade. McLoughlin, on the other hand, held that the posts were cheap and efficient whereas the *Beaver* was, in his opinion, unreliable and ruinously costly to run. Both Simpson and McLoughlin produced financial statements to support their points of view, but so many factors were involved that it is impossible to say where the truth lay in terms of pounds, shillings and pence. Two things the *Beaver* had in her favour that McLoughlin perhaps failed to appreciate—her relative independence of wind and weather, and the awe she inspired amongst the Indians. In any event, Simpson's policy prevailed, and it seems clear that in the privacy of his soul, Douglas was happy that it did.

Unfortunately there was one thing about the *Beaver* that frequently embarrassed her admirers, namely, the frailty of her boilers. Considering that she was built when steam navigation was in its early infancy, her engines were marvels of durability and reliability; they served her faithfully for more than half a century. But it was otherwise with her boilers. Though the strain imposed upon them could scarcely have been less (designed working pressure was no more than 2½ pounds to the square inch!) they deteriorated rapidly. In the fall of 1839, when the *Beaver* had been in commission for only three seasons, Douglas reported to London:

Capt. W. H. McNeill who took over command in 1837 on the coast. In spring that year he reported "an excellent harbour and a fine open country" which became the site of Fort Victoria six years later. B.C. Archives

> The Steam Vessel is in the highest order, her boilers are wearing, but the engine does not seem at all impaired by use, and works with the same ease and power, as when first set in motion.

By 1840 the boilers were causing great anxiety, and it was only after much patching and repairing that the *Beaver* was able to carry Douglas and Simpson from Fort Nisqually to Sitka in 1841. By that time new boilers had been ordered, but they did not arrive until the late summer of 1842. For the whole of that year, to McLoughlin's vast annoyance, the *Beaver* lay idle. She finally returned to service early in 1843, just in time to participate in the founding of Fort Victoria. The new boilers were installed at Fort Nisqually, on Puget Sound, where Dr. W. F. Tolmie was stationed. A fragment of one of the original set, made into a griddle iron and for almost a century a treasured possession of the Tolmie family, is now in the museum of the Provincial Archives, in Victoria.

To guard against another interruption of service the Company soon decided to order a third set of boilers, to

be kept ready in case of need. This third set arrived at Fort Victoria in May of 1847; the post journal records that they were coated with coal tar and covered with cedar bark to protect them from the weather.

Upkeep on the *Beaver* was never stinted. In a report sent to London in November 1848, Douglas praised the "zeal and judgement" of her captain and continued:

> She is kept beautifully clean, and in the highest state of order and neatness. Her outside planking was clean scraped last summer from the copper upwards and found perfectly sound and free of rot. She is also tight and staunch and the copper yet entire, though in some places worn very thin. . . . The Engines are now in good working order and Mr. Thorne [her engineer] is of opinion that the Boilers will, with proper management, last two years longer. . . .

As it turned out, they did not last that long. In July 1849, she was laid up to receive the new boilers, and she was ready for service again in January 1850. Dr. J. S. Helmcken, who arrived in Victoria about this time to serve the Company as a medical officer, has left a vivid impression of her as he first saw her:

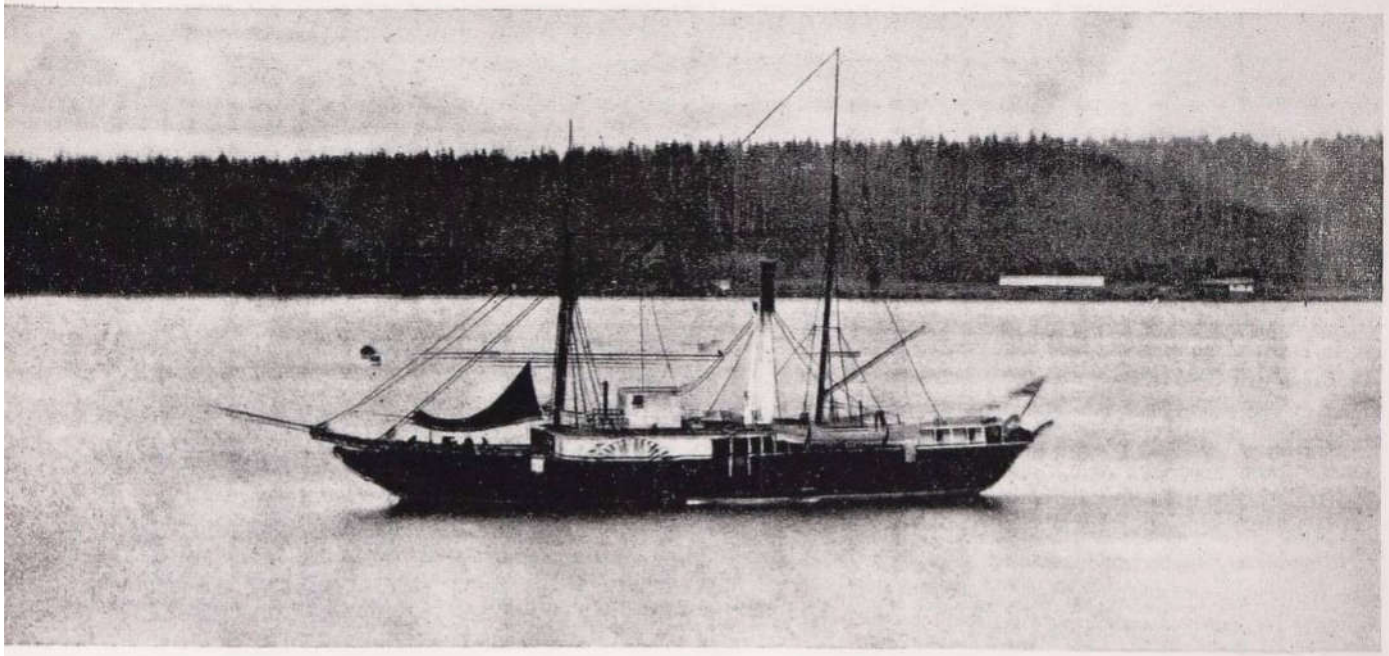
> . . . and there lay the *Beaver*, Captain Dodd in command, so clean, so nice, so spruce, with 'boarding nettings' all round, cannon on deck, muskets and cutlasses arranged in their proper places, beautiful cabins, and good furniture, with a trading place for Indians, who, I was told, were only allowed a few at a time on board, when on trade. She had a large crew —active, robust, weather-beaten, jolly, good-tempered men— fat, from not being overworked; some grey, some grizzled, some young: the former had once been similar to the latter in 'the service'.

The large crew was required in part for service as woodcutters. The *Beaver* burnt mainly cordwood, and lots of it, for her primitive machinery was anything but economical. On her first cruises it was found that it usually took the cutters two days to provide enough wood to keep her under steam for one day. As 90 miles was as far as she could usually travel from dawn to dusk, her range of action seldom averaged more than 30 miles per day.

But with all her limitations the *Beaver* served the Company extremely well. Except in 1842 and 1849 she was almost continuously on the move, trading with the Indians and carrying furs and supplies to or from the various establishments on the coast. Considering the rugged nature of the coast itself, the very imperfect character of the charts available, and the complete lack of navigational aids, the accidents she suffered were amazingly few and

Vancouver City Archives

An undated photograph of the "Beaver" by C. Gentile of Victoria, probably taken in the early 1860s.

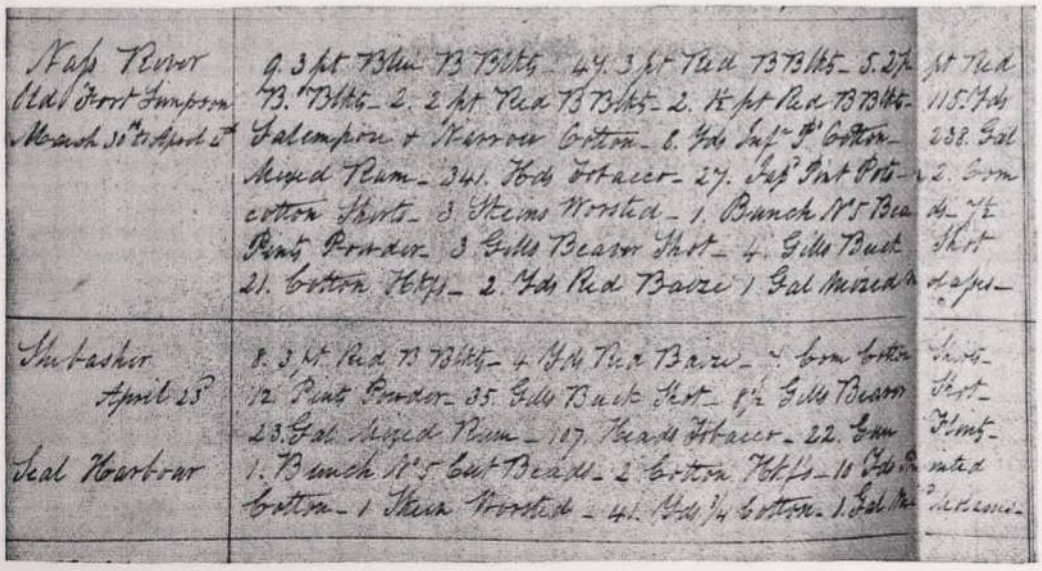


The steamer in Victoria harbour in 1870 after eight years under Admiralty charter. Her superstructure was greatly enlarged for this spell of survey and hydrographic work.

far between. And when upon occasion she did bump a rock, her solid old hull rarely suffered more than superficial damage.

Prudence suggested, however, that it would be wise for the Hudson's Bay Company to add a second steamer to its fleet, for if a serious mishap befell the *Beaver* great inconvenience and loss of trade could result. There was the further consideration that settlement in Oregon, the California gold rush and the founding of the Colony of Vancouver Island in 1849-50 had increased trade on the coast and even given rise to some industrial activity. Sailing ships coming for cargoes of lumber or coal needed to be towed in and out of harbour, and more frequent communication was required between Fort Victoria and nearby posts and settlements. In 1853 the new steamer *Otter* arrived from England. Thereafter she made most of the longer trading voyages to the northwest coast and the *Beaver* served as a tow boat and carried freight and passengers between Fort Victoria, Nanaimo, Fort Langley and Fort Nisqually.

The old pioneer was soon again experiencing trouble with her boilers; successive replacements, which she re-



Nass River
Old Fort Simpson
March 30th to April 2d

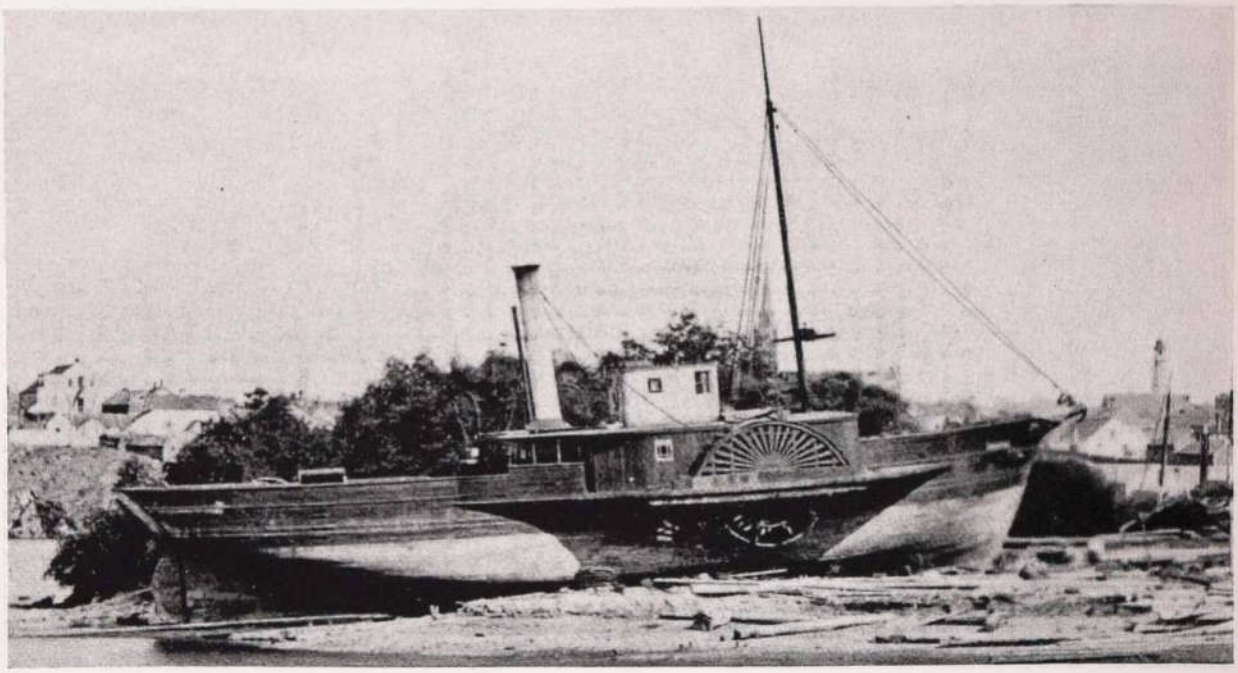
9. 3 pt. Blue Trade Blkts - 44. 3 pt. Red Trade Blkts - 5. 2½ pt. Red Trade Blkts - 2. 2 pt. Red Trade Blkts - 2. 1½ pt. Red Trade Blkts - Salempore & Narrow Cotton - 8. Yds. Inf. 9/4 Cotton - Mixed Rum - 341. Yds. Strouds - 27. Inf. Flat Pots - 2. Gun cotton Shirts - 3. Skeins Worsted - 1. Bunch N°5 Beads - Pistol Powder - 3. Gills Beaver Shot - 4. Gills Buck Shot - 21. Cotton Hdkfs - 2. Yds. Red Baize - 1 Gal. Mixed Rum - 1 pt. Red Trade Blkts - 115. Yds. Strouds - 238. Gal. Mixed Rum - 2. Gun cotton Shirts - 4. 7/4 Point Blankets - Flint Muskets -

Shutashier
April 25

Seal Harbour

8. 3 pt. Red Trade Blkts - 4. Yds. Red Baize - 2. Gun Cotton Shirts - 12. Pistol Powder - 35. Gills Buck Shot - 6½ Gills Beaver Shot - 23. Gal. Mixed Rum - 107. Yards Strouds - 22. Gun Flints - 1. Bunch N°5 Cut Beads - 2. Cotton Hdkfs - 10. Yds. Cotton - 1 Skein Worsted - 41. Yds. 7/4 Cotton - 1. Gal. Mixed Rum - 2 Dozen Knives -

Part of the skin book of S.S. "Beaver" for 1839, listing such goods as point blankets, tobacco, powder and shot, beads, cotton, and molasses bartered for fur. No sea otter were traded on these particular calls; bulk of the skins were marten, followed by beaver and mink. B.C. Archives



After being sold by the Hudson's Bay Company, the "Beaver" was given an extensive refit in 1877 when her superstructure was cut down. She is shown on the slip at Victoria. B.C. Archives

ceived on an average of once a decade throughout her long career, all seemed to inherit the frailty of the original ones. A fourth set was ordered in 1855, and they were installed during the winter of 1856-57. In March of the latter year, Douglas informed Governor Simpson that she was once again "in a state of perfect order."

It was now the *Otter's* turn to have trouble with her boilers; in January 1858, Douglas reported to London that he was much concerned about their" rapid decay." As a result, in the spring of that memorable year the *Beaver* once again made a trading voyage to the north, and she returned to find that in her absence the gold rush had suddenly increased the population of Victoria from hundreds to thousands. Transportation to and from the mainland was in great demand, and the *Beaver* was soon helping to provide it. The November voyage upon which she carried Governor Douglas to Fort Langley was only one of many she made to the Fraser River.

It was not a service for which she was very well suited, for she was still in all essentials merely the little flush-decked, black-hulled floating fur-trade post that had been paddling and splashing about in her own deliberate way for over twenty years. One traveller has left a vivid impression of a journey on her at this time:

> A small awning covered but half the deck passengers, and afforded little protection against a heavy driving storm of sleet and snow which followed us from start to finish, while those unable to get positions under it had no protection.

The trip was "the smallest voyage with the largest amount of discomfort" in all his considerable experience. But even this complaining passenger ended his account on a note of grudging admiration:

> . . . the little steamer possessed the merit of staunchness, and she certainly proved as industrious as her patronymic, for she kept steadily buffeting head winds, and a heavy sea until she landed us drenched, cold and hungry, but withal thankful, at Fort Langley.

Early in 1859 the *Labouchere*, a third and substantially larger steamer, joined the Hudson's Bay fleet. She was able to serve the needs of the fur trade, and the *Otter* joined the *Beaver* in the Georgia Strait and Puget Sound passenger and freight service. The log of the *Beaver* for this period has survived. It shows that she usually took from 12 to 15 hours to travel from Victoria to Fort Langley, except when a heavy blow made it prudent to take shelter and await better weather. On this run she generally burnt coal, which made it much easier to keep her on the move. And if she was a primitive little craft, she was nevertheless kept neat and trim; the log notes frequently that the

In her last years the old ship gave good service as a tug and supply vessel for lumber camps on the coast. This photograph is believed to have been taken in 1888 at Thurlow Island. *Vancouver City Archives*

crew were busy cleaning decks, varnishing paddle-houses and repairing awnings.

In the autumn of 1859 it was possible at last to give her a refit. Her upperworks were extended and her passenger accommodation was much improved. At the end of March 1860, she celebrated her return to service by outdistancing the new American sternwheeler *Julia Barclay* in a race from Trial Island, near Victoria, to New Westminster, on the Fraser. But, as it turned out, her days in the active service of the Company were numbered. In May she was "bought off" the Fraser River run—a common occurrence in the early days of steamboating. When London asked for particulars, the Victoria managers explained that "an opposition steamboat concern here, has been paying us a monthly sum [actually $1,000] not to run any of our steamers from this Port to Frasers River and back."

It thus became more profitable to lay up the *Beaver* in Victoria Harbour, and there she remained until late in 1862, when she entered upon a completely new phase in her career. In December she was chartered by the British Admiralty to serve as a survey ship, and for the next eight years, until December 1870, she carried a staff of surveyors and hydrographers who gathered the data upon which many of the charts of the British Columbia coast are still in great part based. To provide cabins and drafting quarters for this staff her superstructure was greatly enlarged—so much so, in fact, that she took on somewhat the aspect of a houseboat. The best-known of the many photographs of the old steamer, taken in Victoria Harbour in 1870, shows her at the end of her Admiralty charter.

Once again she lay idle in harbour for a long spell. The Hudson's Bay Company was still actively engaged in the

coastal trade, but the *Beaver* was antiquated and surplus to requirements. The hard facts of business indicated that the Company should now get rid of her. It is evident, however, that the officials in Victoria thought of her much as they might have thought of an old and faithful horse; there is a faint suggestion of guilt and apology about the letter to London, dated June 11, 1873, in which they suggested that she should be put up for sale:

> The *Beaver* is old and her upper works considerably weather beaten, which was to be expected as the vessel arrived on this Coast in 1835. Since she was surrendered to us by the Naval Authorities she has remained at anchor in the Harbour and looked upon as our only resource in case of any accident to the *Otter;* but since the imposition of the requirements of the Canadian Steamboat laws [which became effective when British Columbia joined Confederation in 1871], the alterations necessary to qualify her for a certificate as a passenger boat would cause considerable expense, and I would suggest that I should be authorized to offer her for sale, as I think some of the saw mill Companies here, might make a bid for her, and convert her into a Tug, which she is best adapted for.

The old steamer was finally sold in 1874. The Company drove a good bargain; her inventory value was only $9,000, but she fetched $15,700 from a syndicate composed of seven Victorians, the best known of whom were Henry Saunders, a grocer with many and varied business interests, and Captain George Rudlin, who in later years was to command such well-known coastal steamers as the *Charmer, Islander* and *Princess Victoria.* These new owners employed her much as the Company had anticipated; she served both as a tug and to carry loggers and supplies to lumber camps on the coast.

In 1877, when over 40 years old, it was still thought worth while to give her an extensive refit. Her superstructure was cut down and made more trim in appearance, and she received the last of a long succession of new boilers. This Scotch-type boiler and modern poppet valves for her engines both increased her power and made her much more economical to operate. Certainly her performance on trial startled a reporter for the Victoria *Colonist,* who wrote as follows:

> What have we here—skimming with the grace of a sea-bird over the surface of the harbor and making the water boil and surge in her wake in great foam-laden swirls? A strange-looking steam-craft, truly, with rapidly revolving wheels set well forward, and with rakish funnel emitting a volume of intensely black smoke. Friend, that strange-looking craft is the *Beaver*—the pioneer steamer . . . [that] has performed more hard work than any vessel now afloat and now converted into a tow-boat is as sound as a dollar and in better condition than ever for active service.

Gradually she dropped into the background; the newspapers no longer noted her comings and goings. And few paid much attention when, late on a July evening in 1888, as she was leaving Vancouver Harbour for Thurlow Island laden with logging supplies, she blundered ashore at the foot of Prospect Point (then called Observation Point) in

Leaving Vancouver in 1888 the "Beaver" ran aground at the foot of Prospect Point and had to be abandoned. This is how she looked about two years later to the sightseers clambering by the mast.

Vancouver City Archives

Plundered and barnacled, the worthy old ship clung to the rocks for some years after she was wrecked.

the First Narrows. No one seems to have been alarmed by the accident; the crew stayed on board overnight and assumed that she would soon be afloat again. But in reality the long career of the North Pacific's pioneer steamer had ended. She had impaled herself on a rock pinnacle, and it was found that salvage would cost more than she was worth. She was abandoned where she lay; in November she was officially stricken from the register book.

Historically she was of immense interest, but this aroused no higher ambition than a desire to secure fragments of the ship and her fittings as souvenirs. She was stripped and largely picked to pieces before anyone thought seriously of preserving her. Some hope of saving major portions of the old ship remained until an enterprising vandal dynamited the engines from their beds and sold the metal fragments to a junk dealer. Finally, early in July 1892, the swell from the passing steamer *Yosemite* (owned in part, as it happened, by the Hudson's Bay Company) caused the boiler to work loose, and it crashed through the rotting hull. This boiler—the last of six, and only eleven years old at the time of the wreck—was later hauled ashore and is now preserved in Tacoma, Washington; but the *Beaver* herself had completely disappeared by the end of 1894.

Disappeared, that is to say, except from the pages of history, in which there will ever be recorded the scores of ways in which she contributed to the development of the Pacific province, including her service as a vice-regal yacht for the first Governor of British Columbia. ◆

BY W. G. CRISP

The Linguist

AT the age of sixteen, Skipper David Morris had sailed around the Horn in the full-rigged ship *Milverton*. If he had remained "deep-sea" he would still have been just plain "mister," for promotion was slow in the Merchant Service between the wars. But no one could deny the title Skipper to one who came to the Western Arctic in 1927 and piloted a schooner as far east as King William Land.

The Skipper had a Scotch engineer and a Siberian Eskimo interpreter as crew in the *Fort Macpherson*. For navigational aids he had a hand lead-line, a magnetic compass and a map drawn on a note-pad. The first was the only thing that was much help. Even if a thirsty predecessor had not drunk the alcohol out of the compass, it would have been useless for practical purposes, because the schooner's destination was within fifty miles of the magnetic pole. The Skipper suspected that the map had been drawn after the compass card had been left high and dry.

But seamanship is what counts, whether a man is alone in a dory on the Grand Banks, or captain of a luxury liner. And seamanship is something that is stored up in a sailor's head through years of experience. It can't be mass produced like gyro-compasses, direction-finders and the rest of the modern gadgets. So the captain of the *Fort Macpherson* steered her through fog and snow squalls, around the shoals of Queen Maud Sea and into Simpson Strait, without benefit of charts or radio communication.

It was a simpler type of communication need that Morris foresaw at the end of the trip; the problem of being able to give orders in a strange tongue. The King William Island Eskimos knew no English and he would be dependent on their help to moor the schooner in winter quarters at Gjoa Haven. Basically one needed three simple imperatives; heave away! slack away! and, hold her! The Skipper knew this from his experience as third mate on the China Coast. Many a time, while the captain and mate were ashore, he had warped his ship along a dock by shouting: *Gow! Sung! Maskee!* It achieved the desired results even if it did exhaust his entire vocabulary of Cantonese.

According to Mike Herschel, the interpreter, the imperative suffix to a verb was "lugo." There wasn't much time to take one's attention away from the low rocky coastline, but the Skipper fixed that ending in his head, and then started to learn Eskimo backward, as it were. By the time they nosed into the cove at Gjoa Haven his vocabulary consisted of three useful words.

The Skipper dropped a kedge anchor astern, and sent Mike ashore in the skiff with the bow line. The local natives laid hold of the line. "*Igiglugo! Igumiklugo!*" Morris shouted in the lilt inherited from his Welsh ancestors. Finally, "*Tikitlugo!*". . . the schooner was alongside the beach as snug as anyone could wish.

James Houston

Mr. Crisp who spent many years in the Arctic is the author of the book "Ookpik" about a youthful Eskimo.

His hastily acquired Eskimo words having served their purpose, Morris came ashore in an impressive silence.

Dave Livingstone, the post manager, a veteran of several years in the Arctic, was the first to break it. "Man!" he exclaimed, "Ye ken well the language! Have ye come from the Eastern Arctic?"

When the answer was no, that the Skipper had been barely two months in the Arctic, Livingstone never ceased to wonder. Not even when he found out the secret of the three basic imperatives, because it was only a few weeks after freeze-up before the Skipper could name almost every Eskimo common noun with only a slight Welsh accent. The post was about thirty-five miles from the schooner's winter quarters and Dave probably was not there long enough to discover that it was not the adult members of the lone Eskimo family at Gjoa Haven who were coaching the Skipper, but Ee-gup-sha, their eight-year-old daughter.

If he made a mistake, Morris discovered that the adults agreed with him out of politeness. If he used the wrong word for a certain thing they would not dream of embarrassing him. From then on they would use that word when talking to him, so as far as mother and father Eskimo were concerned error would be perpetuated.

With Ee-gup-sha it was different. No doubt the Eskimo child, still undergoing the unconscious acquisition of the hundreds of prefixes and suffixes, which made a language out of about six hundred words, was sympathetic to an adult faced with the same problem.

Ee-gup-sha's teaching gave the Skipper an increasingly fluent command of her language, thereby building up for him quite a reputation as a linguist in the estimation of those two dour Scots, the post manager and his engineer. They did not know that Morris was defeated by one simple word; one that you would have thought Ee-gup-sha could easily explain to him.

What did the word *ee-gup-sha* mean? It must mean something — all Eskimo names did. Ee-gup-sha just pointed to herself with her round face wreathed in smiles. Her mother grinned and said: "Bu-z-z-zz!" Her father laughed aloud and flapped his hands. His wife raised her eyebrows in agreement and flapped her hands. When the Skipper shook his head, they both circled around him in a shuffling dance step. Morris was completely mystified.

The Skipper's frustration was complete when news came from the post that Mike Herschel had blown his brains out. No one ever knew why Mike did it, but Morris was sure that professional pride would have prolonged his life, if Mike had known how badly he was needed to translate the word *ee-gup-sha*.

The Skipper produced every picture of a northern bird he could lay his hand on, but the Eskimos wrinkled their noses in their way of saying no. Then he had a new idea. He imitated, first a mosquito, and then a blow-fly. He told me later that it took longer to do that than to put an eye-splice in a steel hawser. But still the answer was in the negative.

The long days of spring brought scattered bands of Eskimos in to the post to trade. Most of them would come over to visit the schooner, and the Skipper saw in those fresh, smiling faces, new hopes of solving the riddle of the word that had become almost an obsession to him by now. But, while the sun rose higher in the sky, his prospects of succeeding seemed to sink lower and lower. He came to know what to expect when each new family arrived. Parents, grandparents and children would laugh until tears streamed down their cheeks, gyrating, waving their arms and chanting. He suspected that he was, by this time, known to the natives by a name, too long to reproduce here, which meant roughly "He who cannot understand the meaning of ee-gup-sha."

Skipper Morris had little time to think about this linguistic stalemate by the time summer came and the snow melted off the land. Open leads were widening in the cove. All his energy was concentrated now on the job of getting the *Macpherson* ship-shape so he could sail westward as soon as the ice cleared from Simpson Strait. He was singing as he tapped a caulking iron one clear sunny day, when Ee-gup-sha's father came aboard in a state of great excitement.

"*Ee-gup-sha! Tuki! Tuki!*" (Hurry! Hurry!) the Eskimo shouted. His face was expressionless, but the urgency of the man's tone made the Skipper jump to the conclusion that the child had met with an accident.

Alarmed, Morris lit out across the rocks and spongy nigger-heads. The Eskimo led the way, muttering, "*Ee-gup-sha! Ee-gup-sha!*" After a couple of hundred yards they came upon the girl, kneeling down, with her head close to the ground.

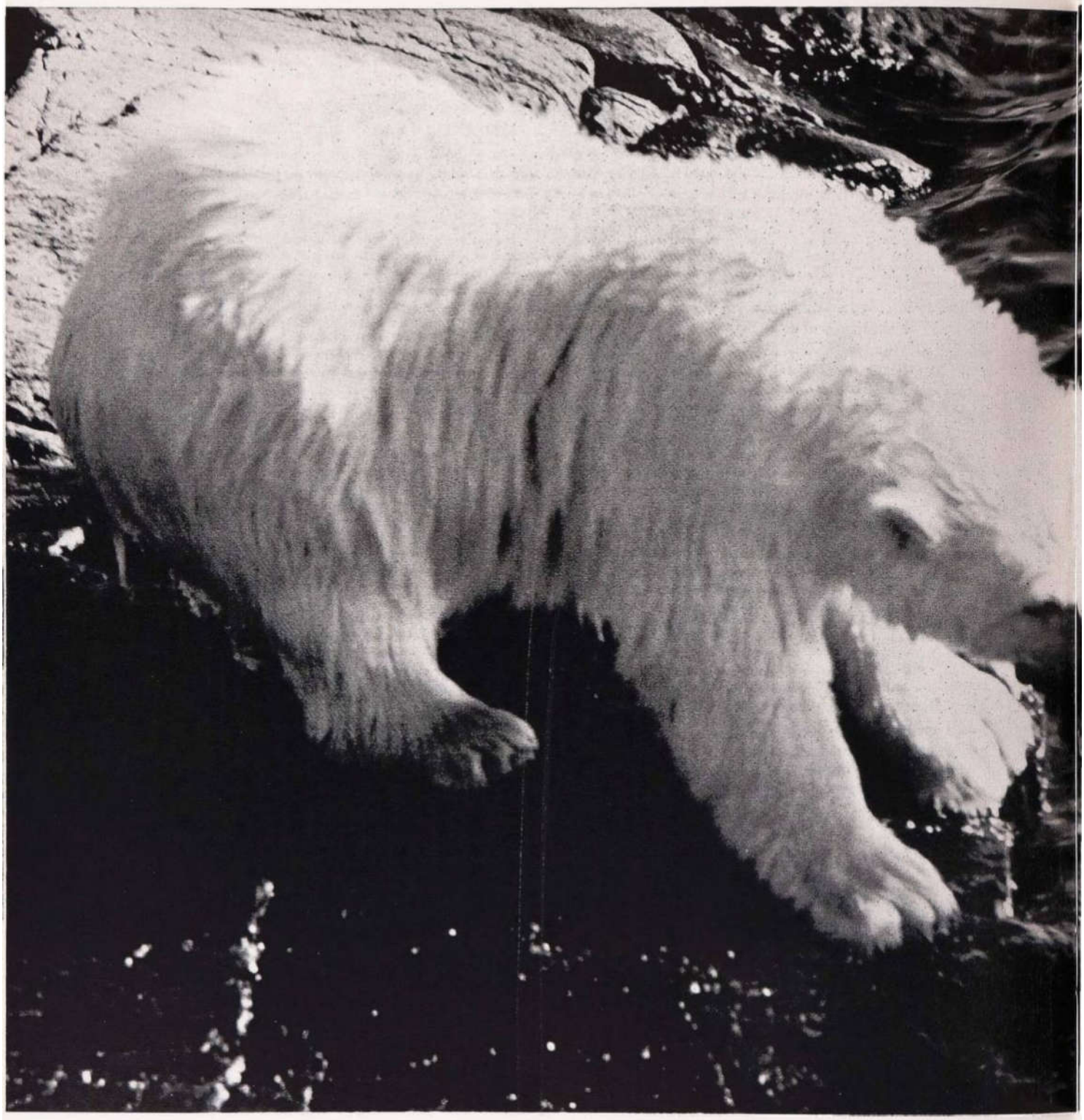
Obviously there was nothing the matter with the child as she looked up at the Skipper. She made a pretty picture, ringed by a cluster of wildflowers. "*Ovunga, Ee-gup-sha,*" she announced with a cherubic grin.

"Yes, I know your name is Ee-gup-sha." The Skipper was momentarily confused.

Was he becoming a little bushed, he wondered. All winter and spring the Eskimos had sung their weird chants to him. Now it seemed as though the wildflowers at his feet were echoing their songs.

"*Ee-gup-sha!*" exclaimed the child proudly.

The Skipper blinked. There is was at last! Buzzing around him even more persistently than its namesake had buzzed all winter was *ee-gup-sha*—the arctic bumble bee. ◆



Polar bear cub with a seal by the tail

WILDLIFE IN CAMERA

These photographs are from Walt Disney's latest True-Life Adventure "White Wilderness" which was filmed in northern Canada and Alaska. It took three years for a dozen naturalist-photographers to gather the life stories of the animals and birds of the north. They were assisted by the Canadian Wildlife Service, the National Parks Service, the governments of Alberta and Manitoba, and the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as local trappers and guides. These brief notes are taken from an account by Jack Jungmeyer, Disney staff writer, of the filming.

There is nothing haphazard about making a wildlife film. First the habitat of the creatures to be shown must be found in order to tell a coherent, full story, then details of transport, supplies, and communication must be worked out, in this case covering remote parts of northern Canada. From then on, it is a matter of the resourcefulness, patience, and courage of the cameramen who devote themselves to bloodless hunting.

The subarctic Canadian wilderness is itself an essential element of the picture, for snowfield and tundra have conditioned the lives of some of the oddest animals of North America, among them living relics of ancient times. The photographers travelled by bush plane, by canoe and dog-team, by snowshoes and power boat; they camped in sub-zero weather, camera batteries cuddled in sleeping bags. Pioneering in their own way, they followed and crossed old trails of Hudson's Bay men—a varied group of specialist with a single aim: to capture for film audiences, the pageant of this "White Wilderness."

Walrus basking in the sun

King of the Arctic is the polar bear, a lordly creature who fears no living thing. Two photographers working on Southampton Island filmed scores of bears on miles of colour film to get the action finally shown. In Eskimo boats they ranged the coast and searched ice floes and caves in an exciting but often exasperating and dangerous pursuit for on close camera approach the bears were often in snarling retreat from the boat or, if on a floe, easily provoked to charge. Many weeks were spent trying to find a bear with twin cubs—and favourable conditions—for scenes of their comical and tender play. The bears gather on Southampton's shore because the seal and walrus provide plentiful food.

With the bear, in uneasy and often fatal company, is the ungainly walrus, tusking the sea floor for shellfish, congregating in late summer on offshore islands.

Other heirs of the Ice Age whose lives are revealed are the shaggy musk-ox—resembling his forbears painted on cave walls by prehistoric man—the tundra-grazing caribou and, like pallid ghosts of the ageless deeps, the belugas or white whales. The search for caribou and musk-oxen led from Great Slave Lake to the Thelon River barrens, first by canoe, later by dog-team, when the quiet photographer and his silent Indian guide travelled for days with a minimum of words but with warm understanding and appreciation of each other's woodcraft.

Herd of stolid musk-oxen

Weasel with lemming victim

Clever, ferocious wolverine

Lemmings in migration

The grey wolf, which now thrives on caribou, moved north after the extermination of the bison of the plains. To record every phase of this intelligent animal's behaviour, a team was flown to the Brooks Range in Alaska where they lived in makeshift shelter on mountain passes for months amidst the activities of the wolf pack.

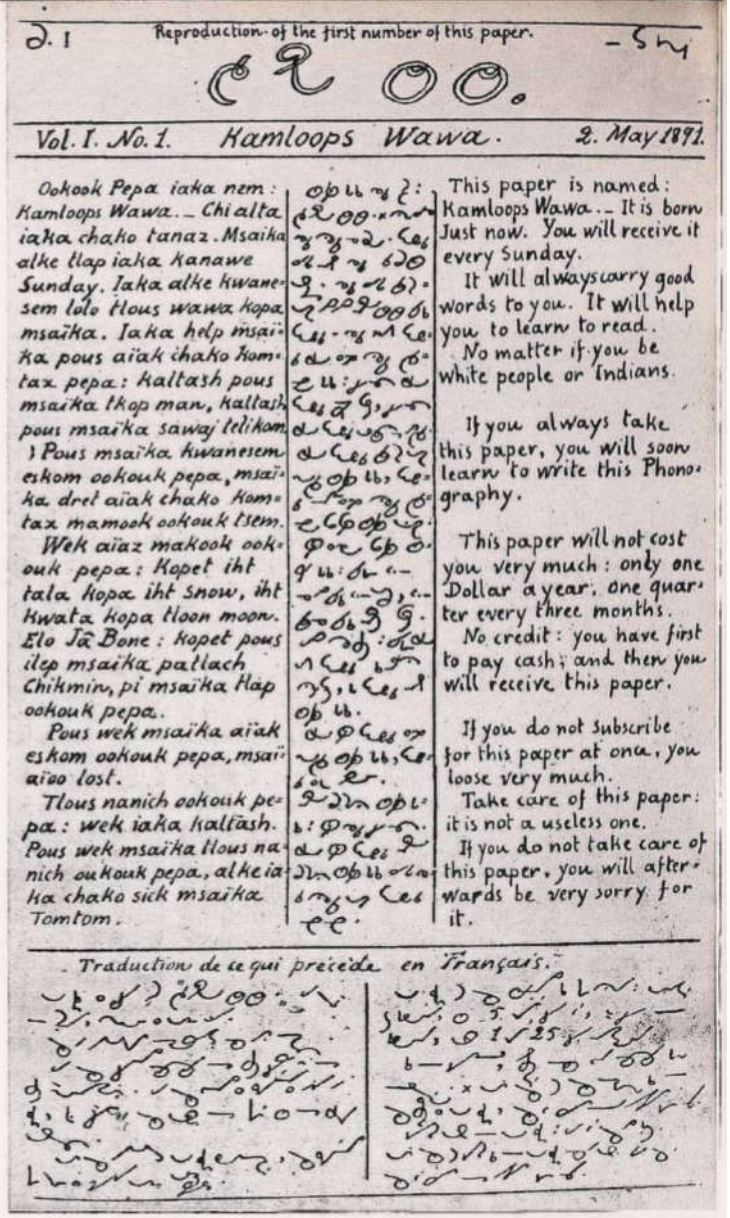
The career of the wolverine is seldom brought to light but this fierce, cunning predator, robber of traps and of caches, whose name was a curse to old-time trappers and voyageurs, was found with the aid of Indians in northern Alberta, and others were located in Alaska, adding another chapter to the wildlife story.

Other creatures in the dramatic interplay of northern life are the arctic fox, the varying hare (snowshoe rabbit), and the ermine. Equally interesting are the beautiful little lemmings whose headlong migrations were once thought suicidal. Birds, too, play their part—waterfowl, feathered predators, mild ptarmigan. An expedition to the breeding grounds of the snow and blue geese caught the birds during their flightless moult. ◆

Mrs. Harrington, widely travelled free-lance writer and author, has studied the Canadian scene for many years.

CHINOOK JARGON

BY LYN HARRINGTON


Reproduction of the first number of this paper.

Vol. I. No. 1. Kamloops Wawa. 2. May 1891.

Ookook Pepa iaka nem: Kamloops Wawa.—Chialta iaka chako tanaz. Msaika alke klap iaka kanawe Sunday. Iaka alke kwanesem lolo klous wawa kopa msaika. Iaka help msaika pous aiak chako komtax pepa: kaltash pous msaika tkop man, kaltash pous msaika sawaj telikom.

Pous msaika kwanesem eskom ookouk pepa, msaika drel aiak chako komtax mamook ookouk tsem.

Wek aiaz makook ookouk pepa: kopet iht tala kopa iht snow, iht kwata kopa kloon moon. Elo Ja Bone: kopet pous ilep msaika patlach Chikmin, pi msaika klap ookouk pepa.

Pous wek msaika aiak eskom ookouk pepa, msaiaiso lost.

Klous nanich ookouk pepa: wek iaka kaltash. Pous wek msaika klous nanich oukouk pepa, alke iaka chako sick msaika Tomtom.

This paper is named: Kamloops Wawa.—It is born Just now. You will receive it every Sunday.

It will always carry good words to you. It will help you to learn to read.

No matter if you be white people or Indians.

If you always take this paper, you will soon learn to write this Phonography.

This paper will not cost you very much: only one Dollar a year, one quarter every three months.

No credit: you have first to pay cash; and then you will receive this paper.

If you do not subscribe for this paper at once, you loose very much.

Take care of this paper: it is not a useless one.

If you do not take care of this paper, you will afterwards be very sorry for it.

Traduction de ce qui precede en Français.

The first issue of the "Kamloops Wawa." The column in Chinook jargon is repeated in phonetic Chinook shorthand, in English, and in a French phonographic version. Toronto Public Libraries

MIKA kumtux chinook?" (Do you understand Chinook?). Half a century ago almost anyone in British Columbia, Oregon, Washington or Alaska could have answered with ease. For at one time, about a hundred thousand residents spoke Chinook commonly. Today, it is a dead language, with only a few relics of it left in use after a vigorous life of well over a hundred years.

"*Wake, nika halo kumtux mika wawa.*" (I do not understand your talk) would be the correct answer today.

Stray words from the Chinook jargon have been absorbed into everyday speech and in place-names of British Columbia. Perhaps the best-known is *chee-chako* (newcomer). *Kla-how-yah, Tillicum!* is a greeting in a Vancouver newspaper column that means "Good day, friends!"*

"That's a *skookum* river," says a Vancouverite, speaking of the Fraser. A mother in Stanley Park scolds, "Johnny, throw that dirty stick into the *chuck*." and *Skookumchuck* (powerful or swift water) is firmly fixed on the map of British Columbia, as are *Cultus* (useless) and *Mesachie* (evil) Lakes.

Potlatch in its best-known form (an elaborate feast at which the host squandered his substance and obligated all his guests) has been outlawed as financially ruinous. Originally, it was a verb. *Potlatch mamook*—give work, hire. *Potlatch wawa*—give a talk. *Potlatch muckamuck*—give food.

Tyee meant chief, and today it's used in referring to the king salmon. In Chinook, God was termed *saghalie tyee*—

*Paul Kane, *Wanderings of an Artist*, p. 183, says: "Their common salutation is Clak-hoh-ah-yah, originating, as I believe, in their having heard in the early days of the fur trade, a gentleman named Clark frequently addressed by his friends, 'Clark, how are you'?" Geo. Shaw, however, in his *Chinook Jargon and how to use it* says that *Klahowya* is the word for salutation and *Klahowyum* for "poor," the first being used for both meanings on Puget Sound and the second for both in the Willamette valley

the Chief above. *Klootch* or *Klootchman*, meaning wife or female, is still used, but rather slurringly.

Chinook Jargon was literally an international language, composed of words borrowed from several Indian tongues, from English and French. At its peak, it contained around 800 words. Yet it spread over a vast territory, and was credited with being the greatest civilizing force amongst the native races.

When explorers first probed the coves of the west coast, and others came overland across the Rockies, they found some fifty tribes, each speaking its own language. Since the speech was often incomprehensible even to their nearest neighbours, it could lead to misunderstandings and hostilities. But the spread of Chinook, according to the Journal of American Folklore, "stimulated friendly intercourse between tribes by enabling them to converse with each other, whence sworn foes became lasting friends."

Often discussion arises as to whether the Hudson's Bay Company or the Roman Catholic missionaries invented the Chinook jargon. It was in common use around the *makook house* (trading post) when Fathers Demers and Blanchet arrived at Fort Vancouver (now in the State of Washington) in 1838. The missionaries had no difficulty in learning and listing the 400 words then in existence.

"The Chinook Jargon was invented by the Hudson's Bay Company traders who were mostly French-Canadians," wrote Father St. Onge in his introduction to Father Demers' *Chinook Dictionary* of 1871. It was a generous but inaccurate statement. "Fort Vancouver being the principal post of the twenty-nine forts belonging to the Company on the western slopes, the Indians from every part of that immense land had come to Vancouver for the trading season. They used to learn the Chinook, then teach it to others. In this manner, it became universally known."

Actually, the Chinook jargon was older than any of the white men. Neither the traders nor missionaries invented it, but both expanded the vocabulary and extended its use. The trade language was already employed between the powerful Chinook tribe at the mouth of the Columbia River, and the wealthy Nootkas on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

The source of shell money of those days was largely within Nootkan territory, and the owners kept strict watch over the sandy bottom where this treasure was obtained. The Chinooks, strong enough to take many slaves, traded some for shell money.

But their languages were completely different, nothing faintly alike between them. So they compromised by learning a few of each other's words to be used in trading. This pidgin language was also used in trade with nearby tribes, and a few Salish and Chehalis words crept into the vocabulary.

Then came the white man—the English, French and American—with new objects for which words had to be found, with new words and new ideas. In the end, Chinook jargon was a polyglot employed by everyone—miners, traders, natives, loggers, missionaries, scientists and travellers.

To fight was *puk-puk* (not unlike the *Pow!* of the comic strip). To box became *heehee pukpuk*, as *heehee wawa* was funny talk, or jesting. *Heehee tumtum* was a merry heart, and a sad one, *sick tumtum*. The word came, not from tummy, but from the beat, or thump of the heart, and conveyed mental attitudes. *Skookum tumtum* naturally meant brave.

The words borrowed from the various languages had to be pronounceable by everyone. The English never could get their tongues around some of the gutturals and explosives of the Indian, or the nasals of the French language. The Indians couldn't manage the nasal N, nor the English and French F which was modified to P, and R which became L or might be omitted altogether.

Chinook jargon would be the trade language for these Indians visiting a ship on the west coast of Vancouver Island in 1885. National Museum.

Chinook Indians, upon whose harsh language the jargon was based. Paul Kane, whose painting shows Mount Hood in the distance, visited them on the Columbia River in 1846. Royal Ontario Museum

For instance, "française" became *pasees*, and referred to French cloth, or blankets. Frenchman became *Pasiook*. An Englishman was a *Kinchotch* (King George) man, and an American a *Boston man* no matter where he originated, because the first American vessels on the northwest coast had come from that New England port.

John Meares, trading at Nootka in 1788, notes one word of the Chinook jargon—*cloosh*, meaning good. John Jewitt, armourer of a Boston ship captured by the Nootkas in 1803 and three years a prisoner, listed their most used words. Lewis and Clark, reaching the mouth of the Columbia River, recorded another few words. With the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company men and those of Astor, the trade language was extended. It was carried inland to the Rocky Mountains and up-coast to British Columbia and Alaska.

The language was in greatest use around 1870, although it continued to be widespread for years after that, especially in isolated areas. Twenty years ago, Chinook was fairly common in the Prince Rupert area, forty years ago on almost every tongue in the Kamloops region. But the influx of English-speaking immigrants drowned out Chinook, as well as some of the original Indian tongues.

Some words changed meaning in the process. *Chickamin* originally meant metal—a chain was *chickamin lope*. But before long, *chickamin* became silver metal, and from there it was only a short step to meaning money of any kind. Another term was *dollar*, which requires no translation. Other English words remained unchanged—man, mamma, boat, book, court, law, moon, salmon, self, and ship, to name some. But *moosmoos* is not a moose: it means cattle. Moose is *ulchey* or *hyas mowitch*, big deer.

The French voyageurs and traders actually contributed more than half the words of the Chinook vocabulary. In place of the old-time *tillicum* (fork, friend of the knife) came *lapouchette*, for "la fourchette." *Siwash*, a corruption of the French word "sauvage," has become a term of contempt. "Le prêtre" (priest) became *leplate* in Chinook, as rice became *lice*, due to the difficulty in pronouncing the R.

This manufactured language gave dictionary-makers great scope in spelling. Naturally, a French missionary would not spell words exactly as an English trader might. What the former would list as "le mouton" (sheep) the latter wrote down as *lemooto*. The difference lay in the word-lister's background. *Kloshe*, for instance has been spelled in ten different ways, and *klootch* at least fifteen.

The words were simple, and expressed concrete ideas. It was a rather clumsy language, lacking subtlety, but it was easy to learn since it had no tenses or case endings, and few rules of grammar. With the addition of adverbs and adjectives, tones and gestures, Chinook became a fairly flexible speech. *Hyas cole* meant great cold, *huyu cole*—much cold, and *huyu tillicum*—many people or a crowd.

Some of the new objects acquired onomatopoeic labels. What more suitable for a clock than *ticktick*? Or for a cat than *pusspuss*? Obviously, then, a cougar became a great cat, *hyas pusspuss*. *Kah-kah* couldn't be more crowlike, and you can hear the cough in *hoh-hoh*.

It was the missionaries who preserved the language, a better fate than meets most jargon. Though Father Demers' vocabulary didn't see print for more than thirty years, he was the first to reduce Chinook to *tzum* (marks on paper). The missionaries had to instruct numerous tribes of Indians, as well as wives and children of traders and settlers. So Father Demers wrote out the church canticles in jargon, translated the prayers and used Chinook constantly in services and in instruction.

This work was carried further when, in 1891, Father LeJeune brought out "the strangest little newspaper in the world." The editorial stated frankly, "This paper is named *Kamloops Wawa*. It is born just now. You will receive it every Sunday. It will always carry good words to you. It will help you to read."

The *Kamloops Wawa* did all that. It was published intermittently for about four years. About four by six inches in size, most pages bore two columns of news and instruction in shorthand. Somehow the Indians learned to read shorthand Chinook much more quickly than ordinary writing, and it occupied less space than the syllabics used by Indians in eastern Canada.

More than fifty dictionaries of the Chinook jargon have been published, one as recently as 1935. Some are merely vocabularies, while others delve into the origin of the words.

One of the earliest was the standard work of Dr. George Gibbs, published in 1863, with an erudite introduction to the background of the language which he compared to the "lingua franca" of the Mediterranean. Horatio Hales' *Manual of the Oregon Trade Language* is a scholarly work published in 1890. The Rev. C. M. Tate's dictionary, originally printed in 1886, went into several editions. It was designed "for the use of missionaries, traders, tourists and others who have business intercourse with the Indians," and wound up with 22 Old Favourite Hymns in Chinook.

In 1909, two dictionaries appeared. One was the 15th edition of Gill's *Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon, with examples of use in conversation, and notes upon tribes and tongues*. Mr. G. C. Shaw of Seattle that year put out *The Chinook Jargon, and how to use it: a complete and exhaustive lexicon of the oldest trade language of the American continent.* And finally, in 1935 came E. H. Thomas' charming essay on a vanished folkway, *The Northwest Coast Trade Jargon.*

None of these lists could be long, with such a limited vocabulary to begin with. The words are terse and objective, suited to a frontier, and now unnecessary. Not being a tribal language, Chinook is rarely used in Indian homes. Nor is it needed between the tribes, for most Indians use the *Kinchotch wawa* as a common tongue.

The trade language of the west is gone, though not entirely forgotten. ◆

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHINOOK

Nesika papa klaksta mitlite kopa saghalie.
Our father who stayeth in the above,

Kloshe kopa nesika tumtum mika nem;
Good in our hearts [be] thy name;

Kloshe mika tyee kopa konaway tillicum;
Good thou chief among all people;

Kloshe mika tumtum kopa illahie,
Good thy will upon earth,

Kahkwa kopa saghalie.
As in the above.

Potlatch konaway sun nesika muckamuck.
Give every day our food.

Spose nesika mamook masahchie,
If we do evil, [be]

Wake mika hyas solleks, pe spose
Not thou very angry, and if

Klaksta masachie kopa nesika,
Anyone evil towards us,

Wake nesika solleks kopa klaska
Not we angry towards them

Mahsh siah kopa nesika konaway masahchie.
Send away far from us all evil.

arctic gold

PHOTOGRAPHS AND STORY BY FRED BRUEMMER

Pellervo pans gold in the creek-bed while his friend shovels gravel into the sluice.

NEARLY 100 years ago gold was discovered in some of the small tributaries of the Ivalojoki River, in the eastern part of Finnish Lapland. The eternal lure of the yellow metal, the hope of sudden riches, drew men from all over Finland, Sweden, and Norway towards the northern wilderness.

They went with great expectations, expectations that for most of them were never fulfilled. The work was hard, the living conditions primitive and the reward small.

The men stood in the creek beds from dawn till dusk, panning gravel. Occasionally, when all the sand had been washed out of the pan, there was the dull yellow glint of a few flakes of gold at the bottom.

Often there was nothing.

The biggest nugget discovered, the "Ivalo" weighed 395 grams (about 14 oz.). There was no steady yield and one by one the men drifted back to the south, their hopes crushed, their pockets empty.

Mr. Bruemmer, former reporter on a Northern Ontario newspaper, has recently been travelling in northern Europe.

In 1942 Niilo Rantila, a Lapp reindeer herder, discovered gold in one of the creeks flowing into the Lemmenjoki River, 100 miles north of the Ivalojoki River.

Again the rush was on. Even the stolid Lapps caught the fever. But when they found out it was backbreaking work with little reward, they returned to their reindeer herds, content to leave the gold and the work to the Finns.

Once more they were too optimistic. Gold there was, but in such small quantities, it made the work hardly worth while. Geologists sought in vain for the mother lode of the alluvial gold.

Only a few men remain. They are men who prefer the solitude of the north, the timelessness and the independence. They are men who like, or at least do not mind, loneliness.

In summer about thirty wash gold. Only six or so stay the year round, braving the severity of the dark arctic winter in their little sod huts. They supplement their

meagre earnings by fishing, hunting and trapping. Ptarmigan are numerous on the fells. The Inari forests are famous for their great number of capercaillie (wood grouse). Occasionally a lucky hunter bags an elk, giving him a winter supply of meat.

Few do all their gold washing by panning. It takes about half an hour to wash a pan, and twelve hours' may yield only one or two grams of gold. Most men have built elaborate sluices and dam systems and with these methods they may, if they are lucky, wash ten grams, or even more, a day, earning about $10 to $20.

I walked to the gold area from the little village of Inari. The first and second nights I spent with Lapp families at Solojaervi and Menesjaervi. The Lapps are kind, hospitable people who make every stranger welcome. In their kindness, they disconcert the foreigner by serving their special delicacy for breakfast—raw fish and sour milk.

The people at Menesjaervi told me to follow the Lemmenjoki River towards the west and that I should find a wilderness camp about 19 miles away. These wilderness camps are block huts built by the Finnish government for travellers crossing the arctic wasteland. They are stocked with food, which the traveller who has run short may use; but anyone who stays and has food to spare, is supposed to leave some in the hut.

Towards evening I found the camp. A thin wisp of smoke indicated someone was occupying the hut.

I opened the door; one look at the man gave me the distinct urge to close it again and depart quietly. He had long, shaggy yellow hair, hiding half his face, a beard the colour of raw sienna. He wore a torn pullover, equally torn leather pants, sewn together with copper wire, and hip waders. From his broad belt dangled two long daggers; beside him stood a carbine.

The man was Pellervo Karkainen, goldwasher, fisherman, hunter, guide, and reindeer herder. A Finn, he had spent most of his life in Lapland. He liked the freedom he could enjoy there.

The next day we walked into the gold area at the foot of Jaekaelaepaepae mountain. First the pines disappeared, then the arctic birch dwindled; higher on the fells were only occasional dwarf birch and dwarf willow, knee-high bush-like trees.

Abruptly the peaceful, serene landscape changed. Stone dams had been built to reroute the creek; deep holes had been excavated; wooden sluices carried flowing water.

Left: The riffle is taken out of the sluice and the piece of canvas underneath, on which sand and gold have settled, is emptied into the pan.

Top right: The auriferous sand from the sluice is washed in the creek. Pellervo watches, fascinated, as the first yellow specks begin to appear in the pan.

Below: Pellervo weighs his gold in hand-made scales against bullets and pieces of metal.

We had reached the boreal El Dorado.

We met two gold washers who invited us into their huts for cups of coffee. Each man had his own hut. One was unbelievably dirty. The acrid smell of sweat, smoke, reindeer pelts, and decaying food filled the room. Rock samples, old magazines, scraps of food, dishes rimed with dirt and dirty socks were strewn all over the place.

Crossing another fell range we came to Miesjoki, the creek where Pellervo and his friend had their claims and did their patient goldwashing.

They lived in sod huts. These huts are easy to build, sod being about the only material handy in the treeless tundra. They are warm in winter, cool in summer, but tend to be damp the year round.

Pellervo panned gold, his friend had a sluice. The pan is about the size of a garbage pail lid and shaped like a saucer. A shovelful of gravel is placed in the pan. Standing in the river bed Pellervo scooped water into the pan, shook the pan, so the gold would sink to the bottom and then poured off the water suddenly, so it would carry with it the top layer of dirt. This he repeated until I thought his arms would come out of their sockets.

Finally, when only a couple of spoonfuls of sand remained in the pan, one could see tantalizing glimpses of yellow specks. The last sand gone, there were a few yellow flakes in the groove of the pan.

The sluice, a narrow wooden trough, carries some of the creek's water. The auriferous gravel is thrown into the trough and runs across the riffle at the bottom. The metal riffle holds the gold which, because of its gravity, sinks first. Twice a day the flow of water in the sluice is stopped, the riffle taken out and the sand, which has settled on the piece of canvas underneath, is placed in a pan and washed in the creek.

The gold is weighed in crude hand-made scales, with bullets and small pieces of metal serving as weights. Then the men store it in little bottles on the window-sills of their huts. It is safe, even when they are away for days, for theft is practically unknown in Lapland.

The total gold production of Lapland amounts to only about 50 kilograms (about 110 pounds) a year. It is just enough to enable this small group of men, satisfied in their sod huts hundreds of miles north of the Arctic Circle, to live the lonely life they love. ◆

Mr. Cooke, graduate of Dartmouth, went to Grand Falls in the course of a season at the McGill Subarctic Research Station at Knob Lake.

THE GRAND FALLS

BY ALAN COOKE

ONE hundred and twenty years ago, there was discovered in central Labrador one of the most beautiful of the world's great waterfalls. In a setting of wilderness grandeur, the Grand Falls have remained so remote that even today they are little known. If they were accessible, these falls might have achieved the fame of the tamer ones at Niagara, but they are lost in the inland forests, far from any human habitation. Now this magnificent waterfall is on the point of virtual destruction, its waters to be diverted as part of a major hydro-electric development. There is no outcry, no campaign for its preservation. The casual annihilation of this natural wonder will attract no more attention than does its existence. Soon the Grand Falls will live only in a few pictures, in some references in old travel journals, and in sets of surveyors' figures. Already the name is slipping and Hamilton Falls coming into use for what were occasionally known as McLean's Falls and more generally Grand Falls.

The story of these elusive great falls is told in a few hard-to-find accounts of early Quebec-Labrador explorers: a fur-trader, a missionary, a geologist, and a small number of hardy sportsmen who penetrated unknown Ungava.

The Grand Falls were discovered by a Hudson's Bay Company trader, John McLean, in 1839. A man remarkable for imaginative enterprise and for endurance, he was put in charge of operations when the Company began activity in interior Quebec. From Fort Chimo on Ungava Bay, he pushed south with his men into the central height of land to establish Fort Nascopi near the present site of the iron-mining town Knob Lake. His chief duty, beyond the difficult job of keeping the party alive, mainly living off the land, was to find a route for the annual brigades of supply canoes from the Labrador coast to the interior. This would save time and transportation costs, and eliminate the dangerous boat trip into Ungava Bay.

Such a route was not easy to find, for all Ungava's rivers are broken by rapids and falls, making them difficult to travel. Reconnaissance showed that the Hamilton River system had the best possibilities and McLean was hopeful. With a companion, he left Fort Nascopi to explore the river and, about half-way to the coast, they came upon the "mighty cataract . . . one of the grandest spectacles in the world." A less practical man would have rejoiced to make such an important and unusual discovery. McLean most certainly did not rejoice. The only emotion evident in his account is a contained rage that this precipitous nuisance had got in the way to frustrate his hopes. Laconically, he tells on one page of discovering "this stupendous fall" higher than Niagara, describes it briefly on a second, and is back in camp on the next. Beyond doubt, his spontaneous and unrecorded remarks on that historic occasion were more colourful, probably matching the Falls in power and fury. The next season he heard from an old Indian of a way through a chain of lakes to avoid the fall and rapids, and eventually established the route.

The second visitor at the Grand Falls was an Oblate missionary, Father Louis Babel. Living as a native with a band of nomadic Indians, he spent several seasons with them in the interior, seeing the Falls around 1875. Though stating in his journal that the Indians were afraid of the Falls, he tells the story of three young braves who dared to visit the spot in winter. Spray from the Falls had blown up onto the sloping surfaces that surround the deeply entrenched river bed and it had frozen on top of the snow

Grand Falls, showing the rapids in Hamilton River above and Bowdoin Canyon below, with pile of frozen spray on the near bank.
BRINCO

into smoothest ice. Although the slope began very gently, the Indians had no means of stopping as they began to slide down the incline. Two perished, slipping over the brink into the canyon below, but the third saved himself by catching hold of a small tree and by carving steps in the ice back up the slope. The Indians also believed that two drowned maidens lived behind the Falls, spending their watery eternity preparing skins.

Because the natives were reluctant to serve with the Hudson's Bay Company as guides and canoemen, the Company brought in more co-operative Indians. In his old age, an imported Iroquois with the extraordinary name "Louis-over-the-Fire" told later travellers that, when a guide many years ago, he had taken two traders at different times to see the Grand Falls. Beyond their names, Kennedy and McPherson, nothing is known of these early trips.

In the 1880s and 1890s, with the development of the natural sciences, it became fashionable among some of the wealthy to maintain an amateur interest in geographical matters. Many small privately sponsored expeditions were made to little known parts, both for love of adventure and for the advancement of knowledge. The massive mystery of Ungava was a special temptation. Gradually, word got about of a mammoth waterfall somewhere in the interior. In 1887 an Englishman, Holme, and in 1890 a Canadian, Creighton, tried to reach the Falls. Both failed.

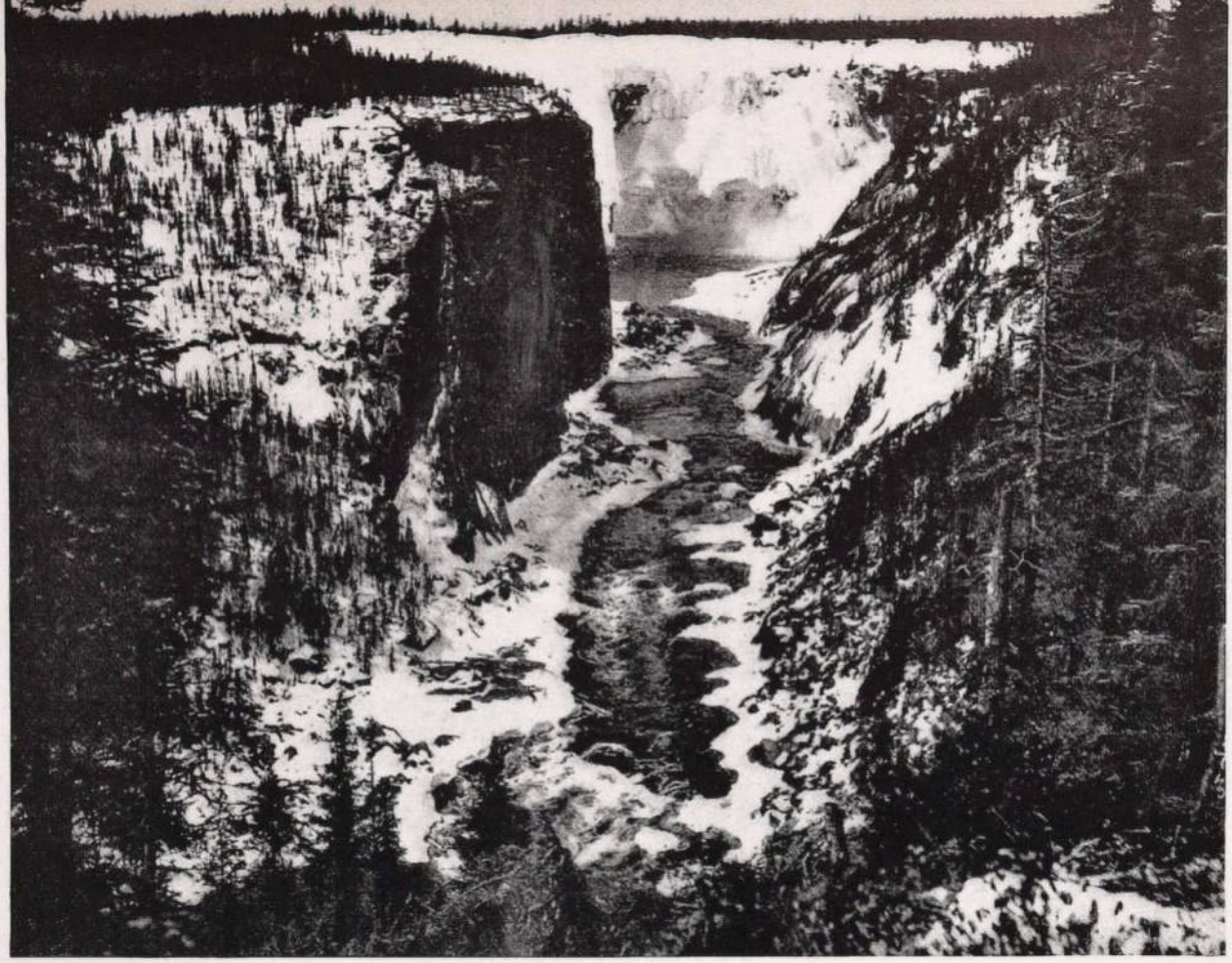
By coincidence, two expeditions started for the Falls in 1891, neither having previously known of the other's intention until on the way to Labrador. One group, Henry Bryant and Professor C. A. Kenaston represented the Geographical Society of Philadelphia and the second party was composed of undergraduates from Bowdoin College in Maine. Describing how he became interested in the trip, Bryant says: "A fugitive article relating to a great cataract in Labrador appeared in several papers during the early part of 1891. It referred to the stories current among the

Indians and voyageurs which tended to prove the existence of such a great waterfall on the upper waters of the Grand, or Hamilton River, and ascribed to it the stupendous height of 1500 feet. This attractive piece of geographical news, with its apparent flavor of aboriginal hyperbole chanced to catch my eye."

While Byrant and Kenaston had no more than ordinary difficulty, the Bowdoin boys had a rough time of it. Of the original party, two turned back after a canoe upset. The remaining pair, Cary and Cole, continued up the Hamilton, walking the last ten miles along the bank. Having reached and admired the Falls, they returned to base camp to discover that their campfire had spread, destroying the canoe and other equipment. Without proper provisions or shelter, the long walk back to the coast was no ordinary hike. They had only thirty days from the Falls to catch their boat at the coast—and they made it. Bryant and Kenaston going up-river, passed them unseen but found their two-week-old record at the Falls. Returning, they again passed the boys without seeing them.

The existence of the Grand Falls was now officially affirmed, together with their proper location. If there is any lack of lyrical comment on the part of John McLean, Bryant more than made it up. His impassioned description of the Grand Falls' awesome magnificence is the sort of thing that should be read aloud in sonorous tones, with powerful music in the background. Admittedly, it is difficult to write conservatively of such a spectacle. Through unnumbered ages, the Falls have eaten backward into the ancient granite, leaving a 10-mile canyon with walls from 300 to 900 feet high. Named by the Bowdoin students for their college, the canyon follows an angular course controlled by the great joints or cracks which make lines of weakness in the granite. The edge of the Grand Falls, with a drop of about 250 feet, is not sharply defined. Rather, the upper part of the fall slopes backward like a chute, with a free-falling section in the lower third. In the rapids above, seething masses of water maintain seemingly impossible concave surfaces at steep angles as the weight and speed of the river pile against granite confines. Below, the plunge

Seething water at the brink of the falls. The canyon swings away to the left. *Ivan Hamilton*



Winter view, looking up Bowdoin Canyon to the plunge pool of the falls, taken by A. P. Low in 1894. *Geological Survey of Canada*

pool is almost hidden by a heavy mist, vaporized from the dashing water. Swirling waves of rainbow-lit spray are lifted by air currents to fall like showers of rain on nearby ground. On the bank opposite, there accumulates in winter a vast pile of frozen spray, so deep that part of it remains through most summers. A visitor to the Falls finds it easy to see why the natives were fearful of the place. The continual thunder of the water against its vibrating walls, the vertiginous drop of the fall into its deep gorge and the overwhelming sense of uncontrolled power are enough to make anyone feel uneasy and nervously insignificant.

In 1894, Dr. A. P. Low of the Geological Survey visited the Falls in May, still winter in that area. The journeys of Low represent the epitome of the techniques of quick reconnaissance survey and to him the history of Ungava owes much. Finding the territory virtually unknown in 1890, by following the major watercourses, he mapped a network of traverses through the entire peninsula. Some of his surveys have not yet been retravelled. In voluminous reports for the government, he outlined the important characteristics of the region. Examining the iron formation which Father Babel had been the first to notice, he rightly predicted its economic importance in a further fifty years. Low's was the first careful description of the Grand Falls and it remains the best.

Not until 1948 was there another competent surveyor at the Falls, when Commander G. H. Desbarats led a party sent by the Newfoundland government to estimate hydro-electric possibilities. In a popular article, Commander Desbarats lists several expeditions, some containing women, whose names he found in a "bottle register" on a stump near the Falls. Visits were made in eight different years between 1908 and 1946 by parties who do not appear to have published any account of their journeys. It is likely that most of the later groups hired a bush pilot to land them on a nearby lake, walking from there to the Grand Falls. In 1921, J. G. Thomas visited the Falls twice, discovering in the neighbourhood a set of twin falls. In 1925 and 1928, parties led by Varick Frissell of Oxford University and by an American named Rogers failed to reach the Grand Falls but found sets of twin falls. Confusion over these smaller falls remained until 1928-9 when the area near the Falls was surveyed by a winter expedition led by the famous Gino Watkins. With his assistant James Scott and a Labrador trapper, he located several sets of falls, some of them twins. Curiously, they did not visit

the Grand Falls itself. Severely limited by provisions, they decided to sacrifice a pleasure trip to the already well described Falls area to devote their precious time to more useful work, surveying the height of land and the adjacent territory. In 1939, a Carnegie Expedition from Pittsburgh arrived at the Falls while studying the life zones of the region.

Desbarats in 1948 began the final chapter in the Falls' history. His work demonstrated the huge electric potential possessed by the Grand Falls—or, rather, by the area. By diverting the Hamilton River above the Falls and by putting block embankments at certain points on nearby Lake Michikamau to redirect its drainage, he calculated it would be possible to obtain a thousand-foot head of water and about 3,250,000 (continuous) horsepower. At that time, this was about two-fifths of Canada's total electric output.

More recently, the British Newfoundland Corporation (BRINCO) has obtained vast concessions in Labrador. Like the Wenner-Gren Foundation's arrangement with the government of British Columbia, BRINCO has claim to all economic prospects, forest, mineral and hydro, within its concessions. In 1957, a gravel road was completed from Mile 286 on the Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway (which extends from Seven Islands north to Knob Lake) to Grand Falls, 100 miles east. Plans have been made to divert the water pouring over the Falls to a point where the one thousand foot head of water can be obtained. Implementation of this plan may wait some while before a market is secured for the four million (continuous) horsepower then to be produced, but this is thought to be simply a matter of time and the initial installation might be as small as 133,000 horsepower.

There is little point in sentimentalizing the destruction of the Grand Falls. While it is necessary to preserve Niagara Falls, if for no other reason than that it is good for people to look upon them, the Labrador giant is in a quite different situation. The power developed there may be instrumental in opening that empty area to industrial settlement and in improving the economic conditions of the coast of Labrador. Greater benefit is likely to come from harnessing this energy than from preserving the area as a scenic attraction which only a few could visit. Still, there is a certain sadness in the realization that one of the most dramatically beautiful of nature's effects is about to disappear, for except during the spring floods there would be only a little water flowing over the fall. Those who have seen the Grand Falls will remember the occasion as an exciting opportunity to share in a rare and memorable experience. The feeling of privilege is the greater since it has been enjoyed by so few in the past and it is unlikely to be offered to many others in the future. ◆

Spray fills the basin, almost surrounded by perpendicular rocky walls, into which the river plunges. *Ivan Hamilton*

Dr. Thomas, former Saskatchewan Provincial Archivist, is now Professor of History at Regina College of the University of Saskatchewan.

THE HIND AND DAWSON EXPEDITIONS 1857-58

BY LEWIS H. THOMAS

The photographs, except the portraits, were taken by H. L. Hime on the 1858 expedition. The negatives taken west of Red River were left in a box at Selkirk Settlement and disappeared, though the box eventually reached Toronto.

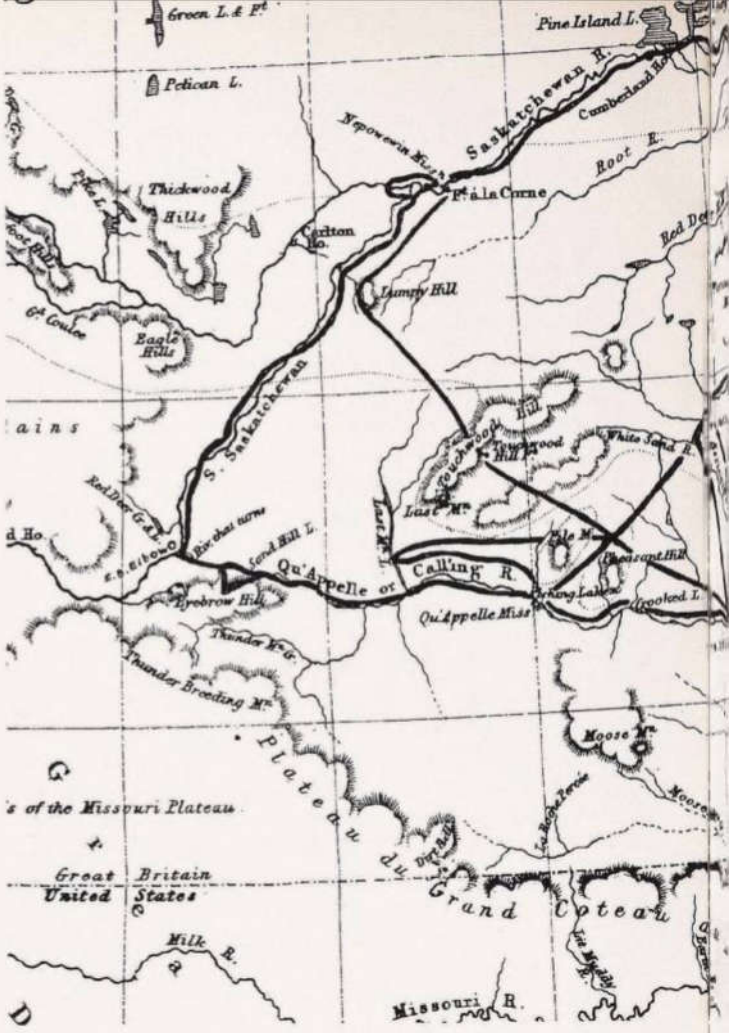
THE Red River Exploring Expedition of 1857, and the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition of 1858, sometimes referred to as the Hind and Dawson Expeditions, constitute an important episode in Canadian contacts with Rupert's Land in the pre-Confederation period. Viewed in relation to the government-sponsored scientific inquiries of our own day, this venture by the colonial government was a substantial and highly successful pioneer effort. Its significance has been obscured by the fact that it was conducted at the same time as the British Palliser Expedition; the latter possessed the prestige of sponsorship by the Imperial Government and the Royal Geographical Society, and, continuing its investigations for a third year (1859), penetrated to the heart of the Rockies.

Of the two men whose names are associated with the Canadian-organized explorations, Henry Youle Hind is better known by virtue of his handsomely illustrated two volume work, which was published in London in 1860. This was a slightly expanded version of his official reports, which were printed as Canadian government documents. His name, too, is commonly coupled with the famous Palliser in the epic story of Canadian plains exploration. Dawson's observations, on the other hand, have only been read by those few who have the fortitude to peruse government "blue books"—an ordeal which even some historians have avoided. Consequently it is commonly assumed that Dawson was concerned only with discovering a transportation route from Lake Superior to the Red River, and that his activities and his report supplement or complement

Hind—an impression which that self-assured young professor of chemistry and geology in no wise dispels. The truth, however, is that the two men received similar instructions, covered much of the same territory, commented on many of the same facts, and finally produced separate and, in some important respects, conflicting reports. Moreover, an examination of their main points of disagreement reveals that wisdom seems to be on the side of the lesser known Dawson.

Another figure connected with these explorations has almost disappeared from the pages of history, and with reason, since his contribution was of passing importance. But if we are to understand the origin and initial organization of the expeditions, George Gladman cannot be overlooked.

Canadian interest in Rupert's Land, stirred by several years of agitation by journalists and ambitious entrepreneurs, had reached a peak in 1857 and found expression in four directions at the provincial capital. In February, the government dispatched Chief Justice William Draper to London to represent Canadian interests at the Parliamentary investigation of the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company (*Beaver*, Summer 1957); in April, the Crown Land Department prepared an elaborate 35-page printed memorandum setting out the territorial claims of the province in opposition to those of the Company; in May, the Legislative Assembly established a Select Committee to



This map combines parts of two printed in Hind's book about the expeditions published in 1860. The heavy line shows the routes travelled.

Henry Youle Hind, from the "Illustrated London News" of 2 October 1858.

Simon James Dawson, from a picture in the Public Archives of Canada.

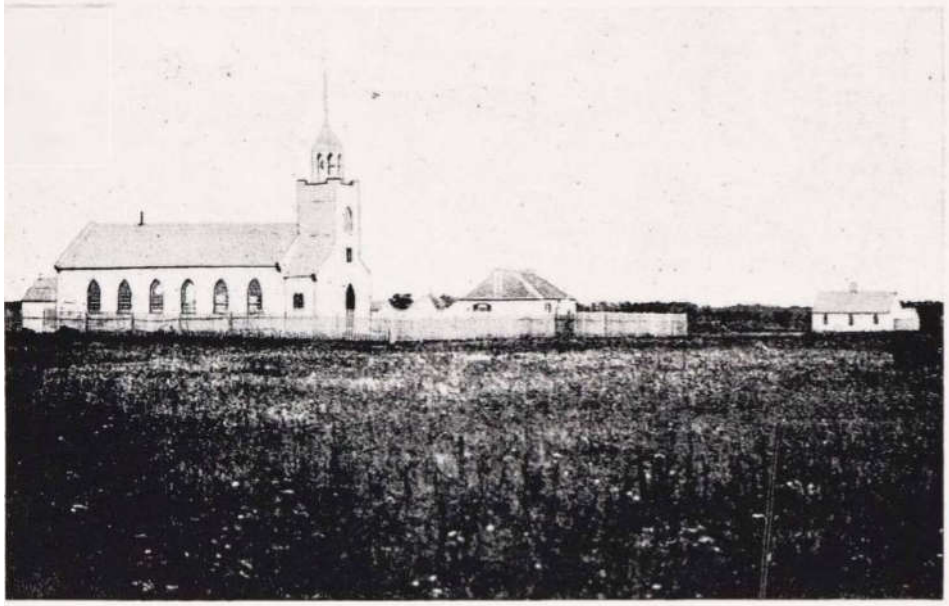
collect information on the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company and on the climate, soil, and settlement potentialities of the Northwest; lastly, in July, the government appointed an expedition to explore the country between the head of Lake Superior and the Red River Settlement.

This last measure was affected in several significant respects by the preceding events. Great importance was attached to the question of discovering the best route to the Settlement, this being a prominent feature of the evidence collected by the Select Committee; moreover, in the arrangements for the expedition there were no consultations with the Hudson's Bay Company, the Crown Land Department's memorandum having hopefully declared that the Company possessed no territorial rights in the area to be investigated, including the Red River Settlement; finally, the government selected as the director of the expedition George Gladman of Port Hope, the most knowledgeable of the three witnesses who had appeared before the Select Committee.

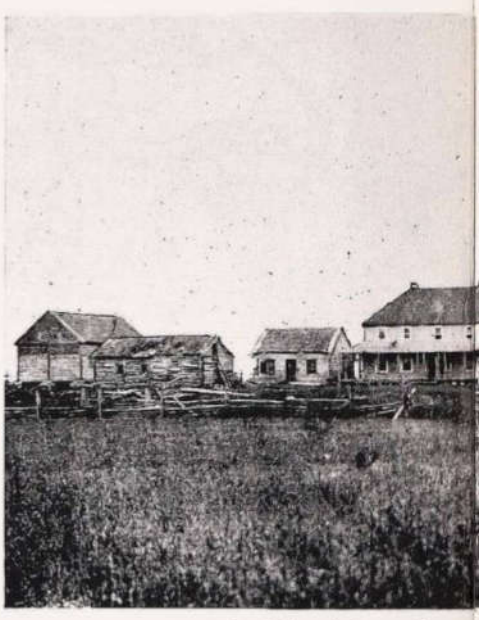
Gladman, then 57, was a native of Rupert's Land and had served the Hudson's Bay Company at various posts for thirty-one years, retiring as a Chief Trader in 1845. Possibly not the least of his qualifications was the fact that he favoured free trade and settlement in the Northwest—in short, an end to Company rule. W. H. E. Napier, a civil engineer, was appointed with special responsibility for examining the obstructions on the route and advising on means of improvement with a view to later construction of "a good commissariat road through British territory, suited to the great amount of trade that may reasonably be calculated on between Lake Superior and the Red River district, and the immense region of cultivable territory beyond it." Hind, of Trinity College, Toronto, was to be responsible for observations on geology and natural history, and generally "all leading features of topography, vegetation and soil" along the route. These three members of the expedition were appointed and instructed by the Provincial Secretary's Department; the fourth, Simon James Dawson of Three Rivers, also a civil engineer, was appointed by the Crown Land Department as a surveyor and map maker, but his instructions also called for a report which would in many respects duplicate Hind's. There were twelve technical assistants and these, together with fifteen canoemen, including twelve Iroquois from Caughnawaga, made up the party which left Collingwood on Georgian Bay by steamer on July 24th.

The next few months were to reveal that Gladman was unable to co-ordinate the activities of the various smaller parties which were formed to undertake special investigations and which became widely separated along the waterways west of Lake Superior. Perhaps confidence in him was weakened when it was discovered almost immediately upon arrival at Fort William that essential travel assistance could only be secured with the co-operation of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company—a co-operation which was readily extended, but not because of any influence of Gladman's. Also there were unexpected complications which disrupted concerted progress—Hind and Dawson were stopped from trying to discover a route due west from the Lake of the Woods to Red River by the Saulteaux Indians, an intelligent and independent group, who demanded an explanation of the expedition's purposes. Before this difficulty could be resolved Dawson fell seriously ill and had to be left at the Anglican mission at Islington, on the Winnipeg River, where, civilized remedies failing, he was only restored some weeks later by the ministrations of an Indian medicine-man.

Gladman, arriving at Fort Garry early in September, arranged for Napier and Dawson to winter in the Settlement, their work being to determine the best cross country route from Red River to the Lake of the Woods. He then hastened back to Toronto, where he reported that communication between Lake Superior and Red River could be developed by building roads at the eastern and western extremities with some improvements on the intervening waterways and portages. In succeeding weeks he urged the negotiation of a treaty with the Lake of the Woods Indians, the survey for immediate settlement of land in the Fort William area, the establishment of a monthly mail service to the Red River, and an early start on road construction, which he offered to superintend. But the government was not ready to commit itself in these directions, and after some hesitation decided in April 1858 to continue the explorations for another year under Hind's and Dawson's direction, without Gladman's services.



St. Paul's Church, parsonage and school house on the Red River 8½ miles below Fort Garry (now Winnipeg).



John Inkster's farm. The w Winnipeg, was recently resto

Hind had not accompanied Gladman on his return trip, but remained in the Settlement for a month of feverish activity, ranging up and down the Red and the Assiniboine (as far as Portage la Prairie) like an intellectual conquistador. "Every succeeding hour's experience," he wrote to the Provincial Secretary, "shows the necessity of relying on personal observation alone in all that relates to the physical aspect of the country and its immense capabilities."

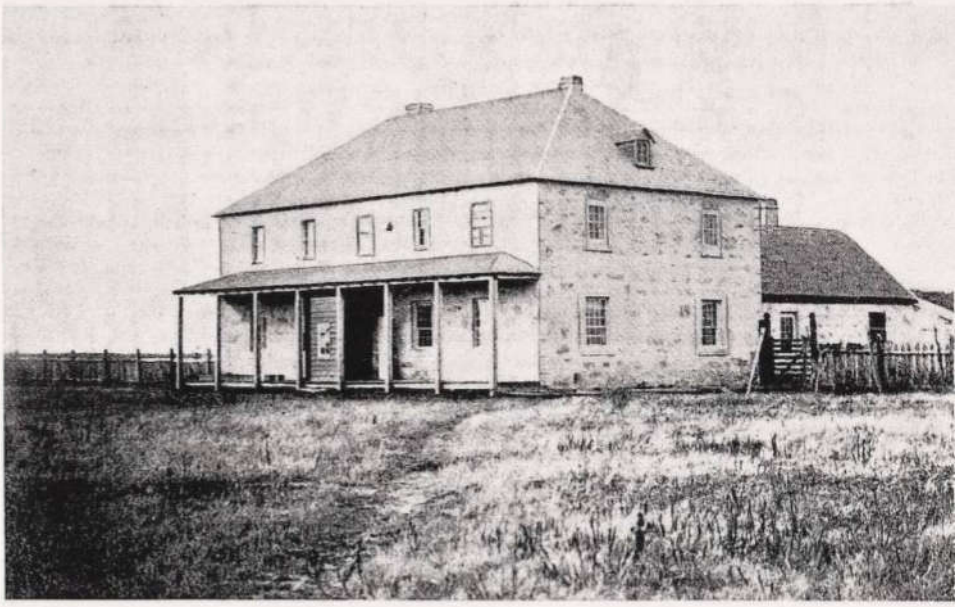
After collecting much varied information, he hurried back to Canada via St. Paul and submitted a long report to the government, in February 1858. This contained, in addition to much sound and useful geographical and geo-

logical information, a number of superficial judgments concerning the character and position of the Indians and half-breeds. Many of the latter, he wrote, "are fast subsiding into the primitive Indian state; naturally improvident, and perhaps indolent, they prefer the wild life of the prairies to the tamer duties of a settled home; this is the character of the majority, and belongs more to those of French descent than of Scotch or English origin." All this, he believed, could be greatly changed by "the establishment of a Savings Bank." Imprisoned within a 19th-century Englishman's conception of civilization, Hind's references to Indian and half-breed ways lacked both scientific objectivity and sympathetic understanding.

colleagues had reviewed and digested Dawson's report, and (forming part of it) the remarkable letter from Bishop Taché on the position and prospects of the French-speaking population of Assiniboia, the course of Canadian history would certainly have been different.

After examining the country between Red River and the Lake of the Woods, Dawson spent most of May and June 1858 in explorations of the lake region of present-day Manitoba. He travelled, mostly by canoe, through Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis to Grand Rapids on the Saskatchewan, then up the Swan River to Fort Pelly and down the Assiniboine to Fort Garry; one of his assistants returned from Fairford via the Dauphin River, Lake

built house, now within
and opened to the public.



The limestone walls of St. Andrew's parsonage, most populous parish on Red River, were 2 feet 8 inches thick.

Dawson, wintering in the Red River Settlement, had more time and opportunity to arrive at reasonable conclusions on such matters. To him it was remarkable that the half-breeds, "when it is considered . . . that their fathers either lived by the chase or led a life of roving and adventure . . . have settled down so quietly, and evince such a tendency to exchange the wild freedom of Indian life for the dulness of a settled home and the quiet humanities of civilization." He noted too that "they are proud, exceedingly sensitive, and ready to take offence. They will do anything to oblige," he wrote, "and fly to anticipate one's wants, but an order sternly given excites hostility at once." If, ten years later, Macdonald and his

Winnipeg, and the Red. The party then left for the Rainy Lake-Fort William area, where their final topographical investigations were to take place.

Back in Toronto, Hind had been organizing his party for the second year's exploration. He selected assistants from members of the 1857 expedition, and added Humphrey Lloyd Hime, who was to be the first photographer of the Canadian prairies. Exhibiting a strong publicity sense, Hind also arranged for pictorial articles in the *Illustrated London News*, which duly appeared in October 1858. Wisely, he also induced the Provincial Secretary to request letters of introduction from Sir George Simpson, who as a skilled diplomatist doubtless enjoyed this unexpected

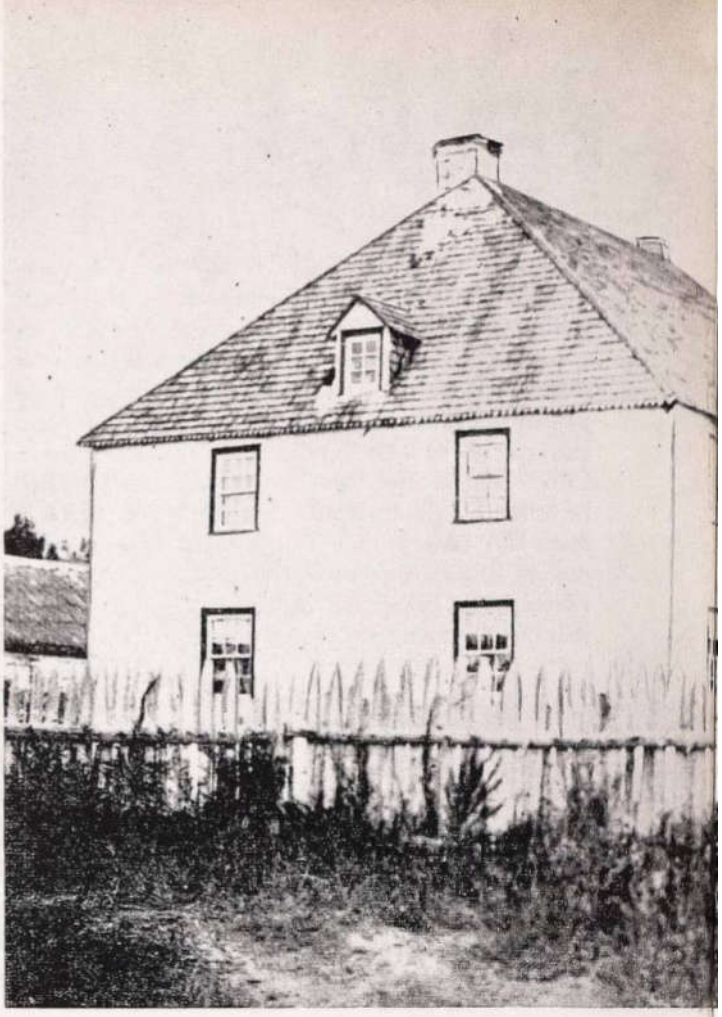
opportunity of assuring the minister that the Company would "forward the objects of the exploring expedition with the same cordiality with which they are ever anxious to co-operate with the Government of this Province."

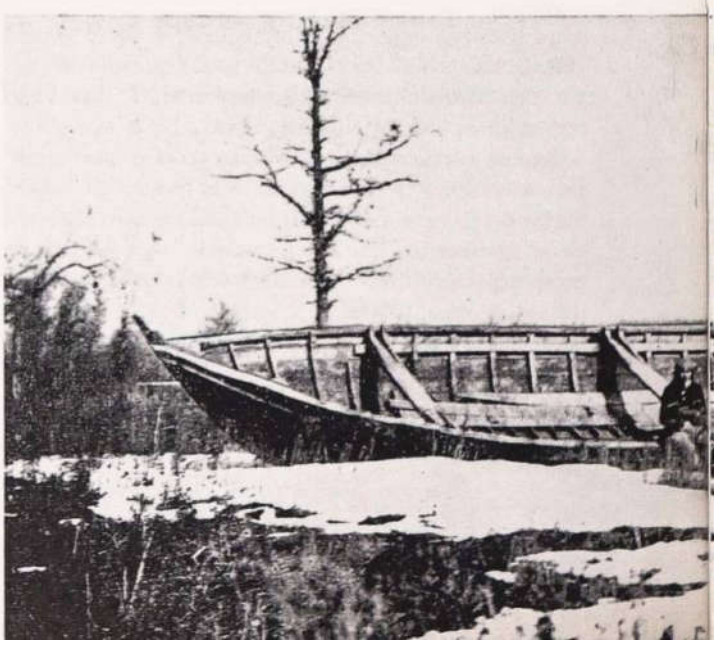
Hind's explorations west of Red River in 1858 occupied six months, from June to December, during which time he and members of his party travelled either by canoe or on horseback over 4,000 miles. Most of the chief geographic features were examined in the vast rectangle bounded by the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg, the South Saskatchewan, the 49th parallel, and the Saskatchewan River. Part of Hind's effort involved an unnecessary duplication of Dawson's explorations, exhibiting a pedantic distrust of any "personal observation" save his own, but even so it was a notable achievement, involving as it did copious and detailed measurements and observations.

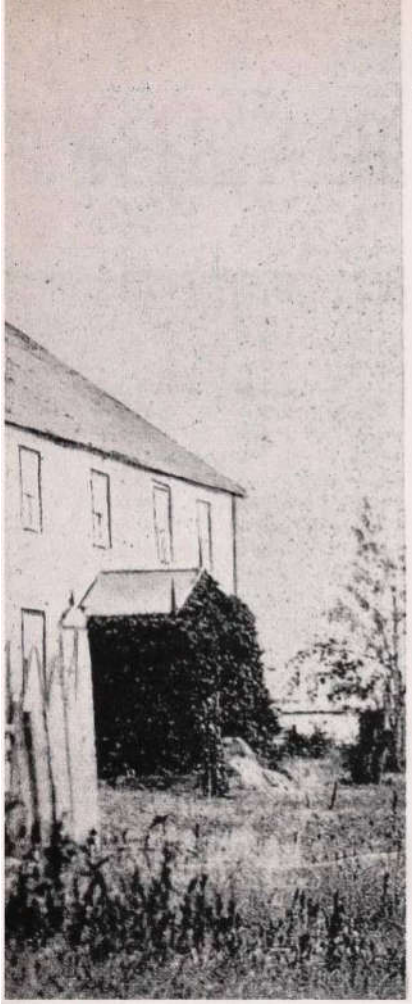
The party consisted of Hind and his three assistants and eleven men from the Settlement who served as drivers, guides, and canoemen. They were equipped for both overland and river travel, having fifteen horses, six Red River carts, "a wagon of American manufacture," and two 18-foot birch-bark canoes. After exploring the valley of the Assiniboine and the Souris as far as the international boundary, they travelled north across the open prairie to Fort Ellice, encountering on the way vast hordes of grasshoppers which darkened the sky and devastated many parts of the prairies that year. On July 12th they took the trail west to Fort Ellice, arriving at the Anglican mission at present-day Fort Qu'Appelle six days later.

Hind was tremendously impressed by the Qu'Appelle Valley, and to ensure a thorough examination of it divided his forces at this point. J. A. Dickinson, surveyor and engineer, was directed to return by canoe to Fort Ellice, while Hime was sent to examine Long (Last Mountain) Lake. Hind and John Fleming, the assistant surveyor, traced the Qu'Appelle to the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan, where they launched their canoe and went downstream to Fort à la Corne. Here they separated, Fleming continuing down the river and through Lake Winnipeg to the Red. Hind proceeded overland to the Carlton trail, which he then followed eastward to Fort Ellice, meeting Dickinson and Hime who in the meantime had explored the upper Assiniboine-Riding Mountain area. He then spent the latter part of September and October with Fleming in an exploration of the lakes region which Dawson had examined in the spring. The others inspected some of the terrain east and west of the Red. On November 30th their labours finished, the four men left for Toronto.

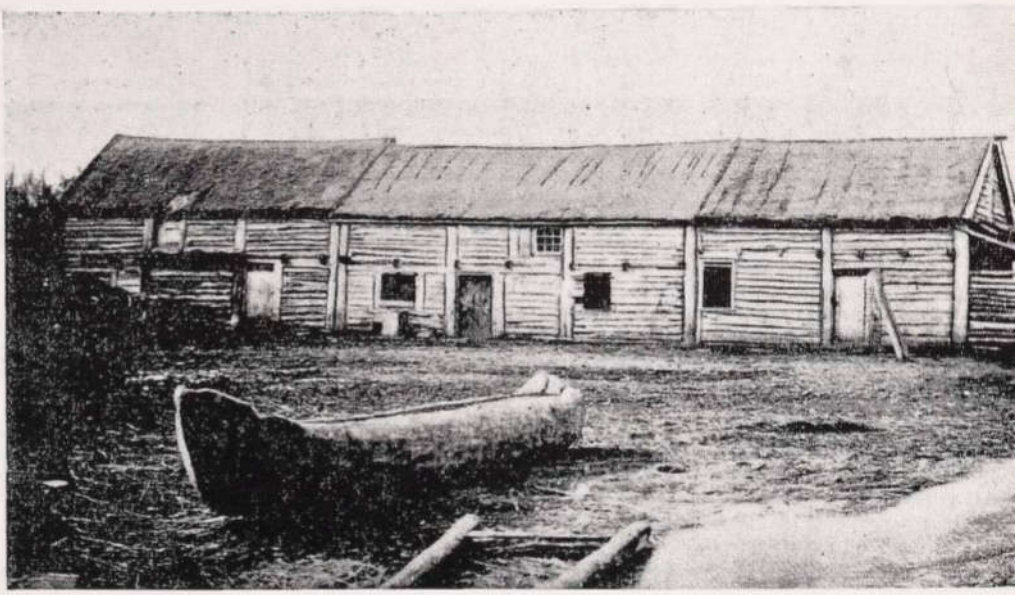
An examination of Hind's and Dawson's reports reveals significant differences in their estimate of the fertility of the Northwest and in their views regarding the great problem of communications. Hind wholeheartedly endorsed the concept of the Great American Desert and, in effect, argued that it extended into the Northwest in a great triangle comprising much of southern Saskatchewan. Had there been no "Palliser Triangle," no doubt the same area would be known today by the name of Hind. He estimated that, in what is now Manitoba and that part of Saskatchewan east of the South Branch and south of the main river, there were only some 11 million acres of arable land,







The residence of Chief Factor James Bird when he retired to the Red River Settlement.



Mr. McDermot's store near Fort Garry.

with another area of equal extent "fit for grazing purposes." Dawson, on the other hand, estimated that in the same region there were 64 million acres "in general fit for cultivation." Since nearly 10 million acres are cropped today in Manitoba alone, it will be seen that Dawson's figure, though over-optimistic, was a better estimate. Hind was always on firmer ground when dealing with his own specialty, geology, and in this respect his observations made an important contribution to scientific knowledge.

In the matter of communications, Dawson was to prove the better guide and prophet. Hind argued that west of Lake Superior the Pigeon River route to Rainy Lake was the best; but Dawson's route (via Lac des Mille Lacs) was the one selected when the "Dawson Road" was developed in the early seventies. Farther west, Dawson recommended the use of Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan River; roads and trails, he predicted, would be used by settlers in the south until railroads were built, for which the country was "admirably adapted." But Hind thought the North Saskatchewan unsuitable for navigation, and conceived the notion of diverting the South Saskatchewan into the Qu'Appelle by a dam near the Elbow, providing "at a very small cost, when compared with a railroad," steamboat communication from Fort Garry "to near the foot of the Rocky Mountains." Dawson ridiculed this idea, and a vigorous skirmish is carried on in the footnotes of the two reports.

These interesting and diverting contrasts in the views of the two explorers can be overstressed; on the main issue—the value and potentialities of the Northwest—they were in complete agreement, and in complete agreement too in their desire to see the country developed as British territory. And it should not be forgotten that they both paid warm tribute to the Hudson's Bay Company for facilitating their investigations. Their reports, particularly Hind's, were influential in both stimulating and satisfying the interest which Canadians had in that exciting land beyond their western horizon. In a very real sense, therefore, Hind and Dawson are the fathers of that larger confederation which was achieved in 1870. ◆

A York boat, used for carrying freight on the Red River.

Photographs by courtesy of the Public Archives of Canada

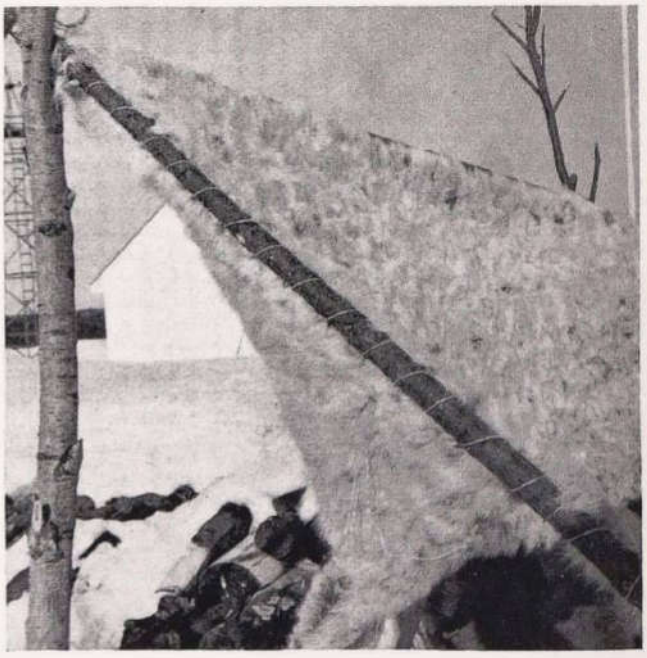
Though now rare, woven rabbit-skin was once common among Indians from Mexico to northern Canada. Generally used as a robe, which might be a blanket or a wrap, sometimes it was made into a coat or hooded jacket. The old skill is still practised occasionally, as shown in these photographs at Fort Hope in northern Ontario taken last winter.

RABBIT

First step in making a robe is trapping and skinning the fur-bearer. In Canada it is the varying hare, or so-called snowshoe rabbit, for years the chief source of food in much of the bush country.

Long strips are cut spirally round the pelt to get the greatest length. The strips, about one inch wide (narrower or wider depending on what is being made), are rolled on a thin rod of about half-inch diameter.

The actual weaving is begun. Techniques vary in different parts of the country but this Cree method is a kind of netting. The finished netting sets firmly and would not easily unravel.



The partly finished robe, which is extremely warm and light in weight, though apt to shed hair. Sometimes the skin robes are put between two layers of fabric and stitched through to form a quilt.

SKIN ROBE

Photographs by A. B. McIVOR

When pulled off the rod, the twist brings all the fur outside and natural shrinkage is sufficient to hold the twist in the skin. The strips are joined in lengths with twine—in earlier times with sinew or babiche.

A frame is set up and a strip of the twisted skin is lashed along the top and sides, making the framework for the robe. A pile of boughs is used as a mat to keep the feet of the weaver off the snow.

The finished robe, cut free from the frame at the sides. This is a small blanket, for which 85 skins were used. Robes for use in extreme cold or outdoors would be woven more closely and need a greater number of skins.

The rarely made rabbit coats are worn only by small children these days. Formerly a new jacket was made every year, though older people might make one last for three or four years—still warm but somewhat hairless.

Eskimo children on a roof-top, a favourite gathering place.

FROBISHER BAY—Halfway

BY LEN PETERSON

Mr. Peterson, author and free-lance writer in the dramatic field, was in the north earlier this year to gather material for broadcast plays.

Photographs by the author unless otherwise credited.

THE sky was an absolute white, like the snow. There was no shadow or shape to the land, no line marking the land from the sky or the sky from the sea. How delightful it was to watch Eskimos walking up into the Heavens, up and up. Trucks too rolled through the sky as in a dream. It was impossible to tell if the snow where I was about to set my foot rose abruptly in a drift or fell away into a deep chasm.

I had never experienced anything quite so Out of This World as those first two days I spent in Frobisher Bay. I was told it was ice crystals in the air that had engulfed us in this white ball, a kind of ice fog. Still, visibility extended a fair distance. But there was no variation in the whiteness to help me get my bearings. I had no idea what the countryside around Frobisher Bay was like or the relation of the town to the sea. I mistook things far away for things near, and things near for things far away. Size and distance ceased to have meaning.

The character of the town though quickly took some shape. Right off it was as friendly as the mythical Friendly Town. I got into a playful fight with a couple of tough looking Eskimo boys. Everyone greeted me with a nod, a grin or a word, and soon I was introduced to a social life much more active than any I knew in the South. I was given a bunk in a 512 (one of the early types of houses with 512 square feet of floor space built in the North by

Wage-earners of Frobisher Bay.

The Department of Northern Affairs section of town, with the Frobisher Bay rehabilitation centre and homes for Eskimo and White families.

to Somewhere

the government and since vastly improved on by other designs).

My first surprise was to find that Frobisher Bay had no Main Street. Imagine a North American town without a Main Street!—no string of stores, no city hall, no post office in a line through the centre of town, just the houses of the townsfolk scattered in a pattern that was hard to make out with the place covered deep in snow. It was certainly a large enough place to have a Main Street for commerce, gossiping, politicking, promenading and Boys meeting Girls. But you don't get a Main Street without stores and tradesmen setting up shops. Frobisher Bay being a rather peculiar town had so far attracted few merchants and independent tradesmen.

It was a civil service and military town, Ottawa's and Washington's creation. The U.S. Air Force built an airport there in 1942. In 1946 the airport was tossed over to the RCAF. In 1952 it was tossed back to the USAF as a supply and communication centre for the Distant Early Warning Line. Then with the commercial airlines setting up polar flights between America and Europe it was tossed to the Canadian Department of Transport in August 1957.

The airport was the real hub of the town. Without it Frobisher Bay would not be much. Since it lay approximately half way between the west coast American cities and the western European capitals along the shortest route, it made an ideal refueling stop. It was also a convenient touchdown point for planes servicing the Far North. Already it had climbed to fourth place as a revenue producer among the airports operated by the Department of Transport.

The airport attracted other government agencies to Frobisher Bay, a Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources administration office, a hospital, a couple of schools and a Rehabilitation Centre for Eskimos

National Film Board.

Ikaluit, the Eskimo shanty town of Frobisher Bay, where the homes are made of old packing cases.

returning to the North from sanatoria and hospitals in the South.

"It is too much of a shock," Bob Green, the husky, forthright fellow in charge of the Centre said, "to dump the Eskimos in a matter of hours back into igloos if they have been several years in the South. A short stay here eases their return. Many, of course, are too weak or disabled to return to the hunter's life. Wage employment must be found for them. But they must be trained for it."

Bob Green looked forward to the day when a great diversity of jobs around Frobisher Bay and other communities in the Arctic were taken over by Eskimos. Already there was considerable "on the job" training, and training shops were to be set up eventually. Bob Green was also making plans to get Eskimos running small business enterprises, a key cutting shop, a movie house, a bake shop, and so on.

When the universal whiteness dissolved and the sky, earth and sea disclosed themselves I climbed over the rough shore ice and walked out on the flat table of ice in the bay so that I could get my bearings set more clearly. The ice seemed solid enough though the tides were lifting and dropping it every day as much as forty feet.

I found that the Department of Northern Affairs section of town, with its brightly coloured Rehabilitation Centre and homes for Eskimo and White families, was built on a peninsula that had a high rocky mound on its tip. The town lay in the low area between that mound and a ridge of rocks behind the town. The road to the airport curved up over the rocky ridge to the left. Down on the water's edge between the town and the airport were the buildings of the Hudson's Bay post. Farther to the left was the Eskimo shanty town of Ikaluit. Above Ikaluit rose the radio communication towers. And beyond them in a great sweep of grey and black buildings lay the airport and the U.S. Air Force Lower Base. High on a far hill, with its distinctive mushroom dome, sat the USAF Upper Base.

All this made up the community of Frobisher Bay. But in this short sweep of three miles what contrasts there were in the way people lived!

The aristocrats lived in the Upper Base. I marvelled to come across such an elaborate structure in the Arctic.

The girl of Ikaluit, dressed like any southerner, looks out on a White Man's world.

School-children outside their Ikaluit school with their Australian teacher, Margaret Hayden.

From the outside it was not impressive, but when I stepped inside I found myself in a place that seemed far removed from Frobisher Bay. Here were all the comforts of the South. Here was a good-sized town, self-contained under one roof, ingeniously laid out and air-conditioned at a temperature that made tropicals sensible wearing apparel. A serviceman could do a year's tour here and never be exposed to the Arctic. Fresh food and the latest movies were flown in regularly. But nothing could make these men forget they were men without women. They had only cheesecake on their walls for solace, a poor sort of solace. The Eskimo villages were out of bounds to them.

The airport and the USAF Lower Base too were manned by men without women. The Department of Transport signed men on for two years. The first year one-tenth of their salary was withheld, which they lost if they left before completing their two-year stint. Those who completed it got not only the withheld ten per cent, but an additional ten per cent as well. Here was a good way to make a stake. Men could leave after two years with as much as ten or twelve thousand dollars. Surprisingly about half of the men on the DOT payroll were married. They were trying to put aside enough money to build a home or start up a small business down South. But it took willpower. Some bolted with only a few months to go. Hans Pedersen, the airport manager, was having married quarters built to make the North more attractive to his men. Even as things were though, he was having no trouble getting men. He had three times as many applicants as jobs. He was a Dane who seemed to take the North very much in his stride. To him the Air Age had made the polar region as accessible as any other part of the globe. There were no problems in the North that could not be licked with common sense, ingenuity and modern technology.

Frobisher Bay, I was told by the man on duty in the tower, had phenomenal weather for an airport. On the average there were only about 74 hours a year when the landing strip was socked in. The winter weather was no worse than in Saskatchewan—it just lasted longer.

The tower logged an average of 20 to 25 operations (a landing or takeoff) a day in the winter and between 50 and 75 in the summer.

One of the big problems in winter at Frobisher Bay was keeping the road open between the airport and the Department of Northern Affairs section of town. After every wind the bulldozers had to go to work cutting through the drifts. Some people felt that a mistake had been made in spreading the community over such a large area. Others thought it wise not to have the hospital, the school and the houses clustered around the airport.

Ottawa had still not made up its mind just how it wanted to develop Frobisher Bay. On the same Nordair plane that brought me north were Clare Bolger and the late Leo Manning from the Department of Northern Affairs, coming to find out what the people in Frobisher Bay themselves thought of future developments. Theory in Ottawa was fine, but they wanted to check it against experience.

Clare Bolger questioned the Whites. Consideration was being given, among other things, to bringing as much of the community as possible under one roof, thus making life fairly independent of the weather. What did they think of it? A fair number advised against it, feeling it was good for morale to have to get outside occasionally, even if it meant battling the elements.

Leo Manning questioned the Eskimos. He was an old Arctic hand, who spoke their language like one of them and understood their ways and thinking. It was difficult for them to express opinions on the violent changes that the White Man was bringing about, and even more difficult for them to make suggestions. The logic of many of the things the White Man did still escaped them.

What, just to cite one example, could you make of the White Man who kept urging you to think of the future, save your money, put it in the bank? You did that. Then the White Man said, "Income Tax, Income Tax," and wanted to take some of it away—most of it!

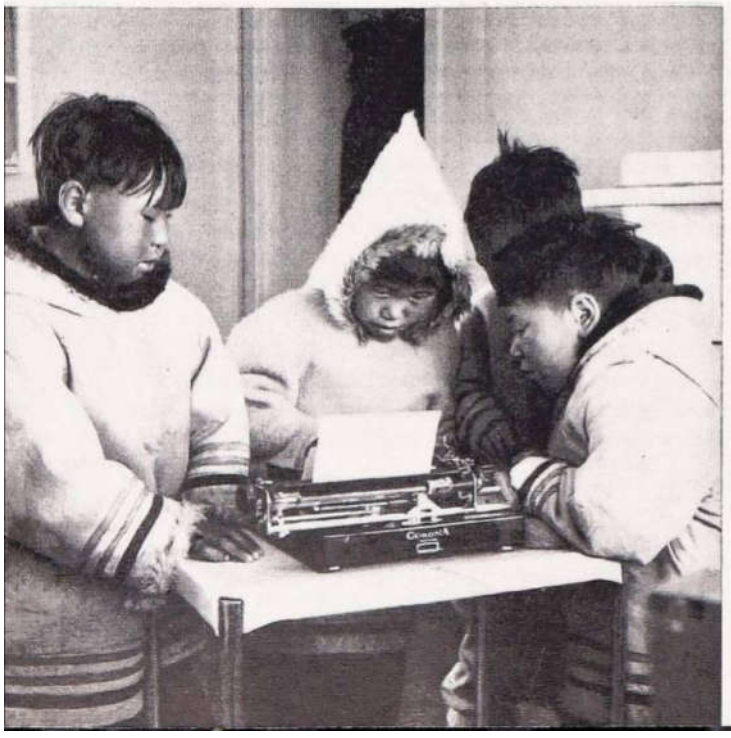
Nevertheless many of the Eskimos said they did not wish to go back to the days before the White Man came. A real problem was that they were too inclined to go along with everything the White Man said. Leo Manning kept trying to drive home to them that their wishes did matter. The government did want to know what they thought of what was happening. How did they feel about working for wages rather than hunting? How did they feel about the houses being built at Frobisher for them? What was wrong with them? How did they like the idea of their children going to school and learning to speak English?

But if the Eskimos had a problem they seldom spoke of it directly. The real point to it came out slowly and obliquely. Some for instance had their lot worsened rather than improved by getting one of the government 512s. According to their old way everyone who came to their igloo or tent was welcome. Those who now lived in the 512s were finding themselves hosts to an undue number of guests, guests who moved in and stayed. They could not complain or ask guests to leave. They had to graciously offer roof and food.

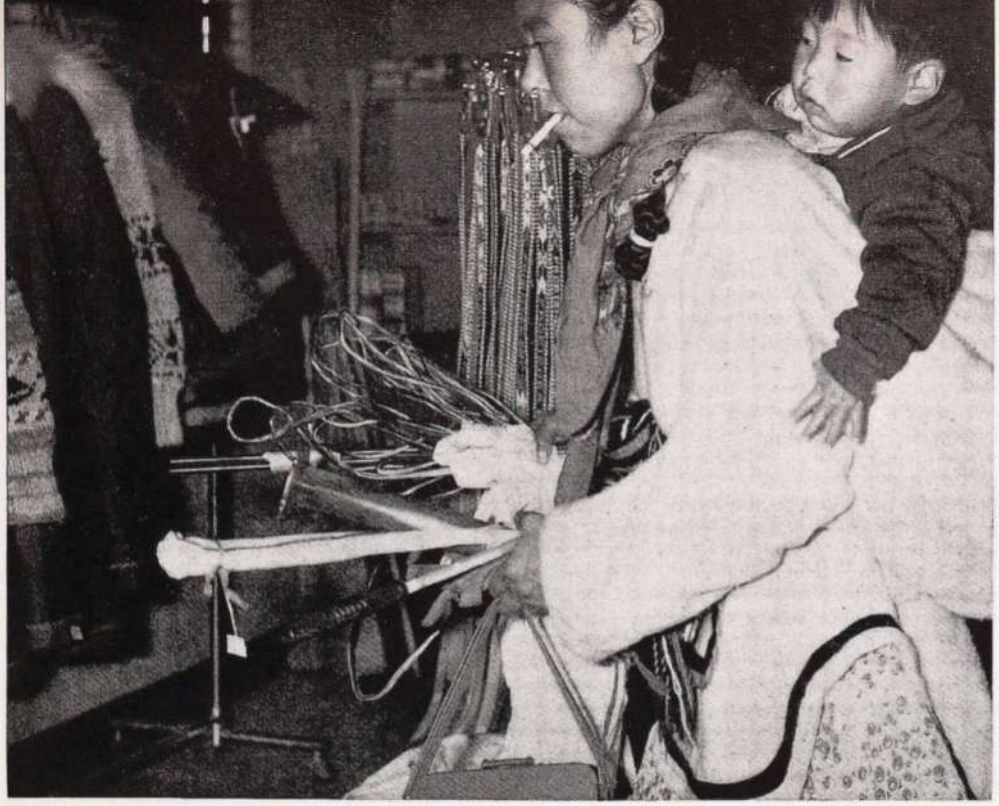
Some hit on the strategy of going to Bud Neville, the Acting Administrator, and complaining indirectly about the dirt in the house, or the noise, hoping then that he would understand what the real problem was and state it for them and take the matter in hand himself. More and more the Eskimos were dumping their problems into the laps of the Government Men.

Over in Ikaluit all the dwellings were made by the Eskimos themselves. I thought them a pretty depressing clutter

Eskimo boys try to type their names.



The baby is a handicap in baseball practice.



This Eskimo shopping in the H B C store shows in her outfit the mingling of north and south. Rene Daudelin.

of shacks, an Arctic slum, until it dawned on me that perhaps this was the most impressive part of Frobisher Bay. Out of nothing this village was built. There was no lumber yard, no place to buy the building materials needed. Still by hook and by crook, through their own enterprise, these Eskimos had managed to make themselves snug wooden homes. I visited in a few. I might have lived in them quite comfortably.

The children in Ikaluit were being taught by an Australian girl, Margaret Hayden. She was surprised that their first spontaneous drawings were not round faces with arms and legs, but white men's houses. They loved drawing the wonderful white men's houses. When she asked them during a play period outside to build a snowman they looked blankly at her. They did not know what she was talking about. They had never seen anyone ever build a snowman. She had to show them how. From the construction workers and airmen though they had learned something about baseball, only they always ran to third base first, then to second, then to first. If there was danger of their being put out running to a particular base they skipped it and ran directly across the diamond to the next one. On a questionable homer the batter cut short his trip to all the bases by running in a smaller circle inside the diamond. There was only one way to put a man out, that was by throwing the ball at him and hitting him. It seemed to be the only rule in their game to which they stuck. All the others were open to change without notice.

One of my strongest memories of Frobisher Bay is of the big dark eyes of the Eskimo children watching every move and manner of the Whites. The children did not say much, but they never stopped watching. So many things were strange and intriguing, knocking before you go into someone's house for instance, using a handkerchief, skiing, writing one's name with a typewriter. They sensed, I was sure, that their world around Frobisher Bay was a White Man's world.

Certainly it was evident among the 'teen-agers in their dress, in the things they bought, in their talk, in their forthright disapproval of some of the old ways.

The older Eskimos were adapting as best they could to this new world that they knew was not theirs, where they did not lead, but only followed, where they did things they did not understand, where all White Men were rich and they were poor. How wonderful it was occasionally to get out on the ice with the dogs and hunt seal. Away from Frobisher Bay! There the world made sense and a man could feel proud. But out on the ice the hunting was not as good as it once had been. There were things back at Frobisher Bay that an Eskimo wanted now, and things that the women and children kept talking about. So back he must go.

He was no longer an Eskimo. He was not yet a White Man. But he did remain a Man of the North. Very few White Men around Frobisher Bay were that. The North was but an interlude for them. "A great experience," said the men in uniform. "Wouldn't have missed it," said the civil servants. But they were looking forward to getting back to Toronto, Ontario, and Toledo, Ohio. Eskimos had no wish to go to either. ◆

THE WINTER PACKET

What is a beaver? Fish, flesh, or skin . . .

For one thing, it has from early times been a symbol of Canada. As to its being a fish—that was by dispensation of Roman Catholic missionaries at places where it was the staple diet of the Indians so that they could eat it at any time.

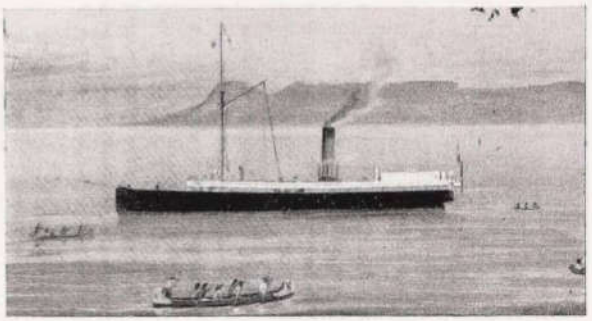
The beaver skin has gone through many vicissitudes, apart from clothing the beaver. It was a warm robe for the Indians, it was pursued across a continent to make felt for hatters, it was a medium of exchange—even coins being equated to the value of one skin or fraction of a skin. The animal became a device on coats of arms, an emblem on medals and eventually on postage stamps.

In its latest phase it is a "sheepskin" or parchment. This was the inspiration of the Canadian Citizenship Council which wanted a symbolic award for distinguished services in the field of citizenship. The inscribed pelt has been presented to such organizations as The Canada Foundation, Les Visites Interprovinciales, Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, and the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs.

Maps Disagree

Referring to Bruce McKelvie's article about the ownership of Vancouver Island in the summer issue, the Archdeacon of Montreal says that it is an interesting commentary on the general charge that English statesmen tended to sell Canada down the river when there was a boundary dispute with the United States.

That geographers were thoroughly confused on the western boundary question is shown by two atlases in Dr. Naylor's possession. One, published in Montreal in 1840 by Armour and Ramsay has two maps of the region; in one Britain is given the Oregon Territory, in the other American territory extends north to the Russian panhandle and east to the Rockies. However, in an atlas published in Edinburgh in 1841 by Adam & Charles Black, Oregon Territory is shown as British.



The steamship "Rescue" at the head of the lakes.

Linking Red River and Upper Canada

After his 1858 expedition to the west, S. J. Dawson returned in the steamer *Rescue* to speak in Toronto, according to a contemporary newspaper report, "in the highest terms of the territory between the Red River and the Assiniboine where he has recently been exploring." But the *Rescue* had a greater distinction. She carried the first return mail from Red River by way of the Grand Portage and Collingwood (Georgian Bay) which arrived in Toronto on 7 September 1858. The *Chatham Planet* reported: "The mail was left at the Portage by Captain Kennedy, who immediately set out again on his return to Red River, where we understand the people are much gratified by the efforts now being made to supply them with the means of frequent communication with this province. From the Portage to Collingwood, the steamer *Rescue*, under Capt. James Dick, had a very quick passage, the mail arriving in Toronto within sixty-four hours from the head of Lake Superior, a distance of about eight hundred miles."

Cross from York Factory

An echo of York Factory comes with the news of the dedication of a new processional cross at St. John's, Kitchener, by the Bishop of London. The cross came from the spire of the first Anglican Mission at York Factory, a staff was made for it, and it was presented by the Bishop of Keewatin on the occasion of the centennial of the Diocese of Huron. Mission work was begun at York in 1854 (though there had been chaplains there earlier) when it was in the colonial diocese of the Bishop of London.

Festive Season in Rupert's Land

In the last century festivities in the fur country ranged from sumptuous feasts and dances at the big depots to grim recognition at remote posts. With many Scots and French Canadians in the service of the fur companies, New Year was more often an occasion for celebration than Christmas. A few extracts tell the tale.

Daniel Williams Harmon spent New Year's Day in 1811 at Fraser's Lake Fort on the Nechako River in New Caledonia among the Carrier Indians. There was seldom much to eat but dried salmon at posts in this area, so it is unlikely they celebrated with a feast, and he does not mention it. But at least they entertained the Indians:

"This being the first Day of the year our People have past it as is customary for them—Drinking & fighting. Some of the principal Indians of the place desired us to allow them to remain at the Fort to see our People drink, but as soon as they began to be intoxicated and quarrel among themselves, the Natives were apprehensive that something unpleasant might befall them also, therefore they hid themselves under beds & elsewhere, and said they thought the White People had become mad. But those who were in the fore part of the Day the most Beastly, became in the afternoon to be the quietest, they therefore observed that their senses had returned to them again, at which change they appeared to be not a little surprised."

At Long Lake, north of Lake Superior, where William Tate had arrived to re-open the post for the H B C in the fall, he found much of the building missing, for which he blamed "our most thievish Inclined opponents" (the Nor' Westers or Canadians) but by Christmas peace reigned and Tate supped in the Nor' Wester's house and "was very well entertained" and on the first day of 1817 he wrote:

". . . had a salute from the Canadians gave leave to my men to return them the compliment, had Mr. Mittleberger [in charge of the Nor'Westers] to supper with me."

Hot dogs were the festive fare at Fort Kilmaurs on Babine Lake, one of the lean posts, in 1823. The celebration being postponed a few days, Chief Trader William Brown wrote of it:

". . . This being the day appointed for holding in place of the New Year, the men as usual fired three rounds, a little before day light. Came in and partook of a breakfast which was prepared for them, and consisted of roasted Dogs, a Beaver, Cakes and Cheese with as much Rum as they chused to drink. Had a few songs with a very pleasant Mornings amusement. The most of the Indians paid us a visit, to whom I gave as much as they chused to smoke but nothing further. At the same time informed them 'That it was the first New Year I had spent in the Indian country with nothing but dogs to eat, therefore I did not offer them any, as I knew they did not eat those Animals'."

A different type was Lord Southesk, travelling the West in 1859 for sport and for the benefit of his health. He brushed off the hardships of the arduous journey that took him to unknown valleys of the Rockies and back by absorption in the volumes of Shakespeare which he had with him and about which he wrote analytical notes. At Christmas he had reached Fort Pelly on the Assiniboine River (where he attended service), nearing the end of his journey. On New Year's Eve travelling by dog-team, and walking to try to warm himself, his nose was frostbitten. The previous night, he recollected:

"I was reading at my tent door, seated on a camp stool as close as possible to an enormous fire of logs. . . . While so close to this blazing furnace that my cloth leggings were scorching, as usual, into holes . . . the wind struck so cold on the side of my face, that tears kept dropping from eyes and nose upon the book before me, and each drop instantaneously froze where it fell. I fancy that the work of these small icicles may still be traced in certain marks and indentations on the pages of 'Othello', the play I was reading that night."

Next day he reached the woods and Southesk wrote:

"How well do I remember the encampment in which we saw the old year buried and the new year born! Tall pine trees encompassed us with their rugged stems, and canopied the whole ground, save the small space that held us, with their vast spreading branches, all thickly covered with masses of the softest, purest snow. Our camp-fire, once more built up with fragrant pine instead of the dull poplar logs, blazed gloriously and sparkled, and threw out a delicious odour, while its light illumined the stately trees around, and endowed with pleasant looks of home and sheltering warmth those solemn, snow-laden, mysterious forest-forms that hemmed us in so closely and so still.

"Even thus, the glow of hope and the light of contentment irradiated the melancholy snow-thoughts of the departing year, and turned them into brightness as a welcome for the year to come."

Not so happy about his solitary Christmas in 1862 was Dr. W. B. Cheadle whose festive dinner consisted of galette (bannock) and hot-pot. On the 24th Lord Milton, his ward on their travels, left for Fort Carlton to fetch supplies and Cheadle wrote in his diary:

"Patient rather better, still feverish. . . . Here's a Christmas eve! Here I am alone with La Ronde [the guide, who was the patient] & the young Indian, writing up my journal, the former smoking, the latter looking with great delight at the plates in my Surgeon's Vademecum. No mince pies, no good things, no family meeting this year . . . sad thoughts of home & its melancholy associations are getting hold of me. I will stop & essay to keep Xmas Eve as appropriately as I can with a tin can of rum punch & a pipe."

Perhaps still one of the best Christmas notes is the often quoted one of John McKay of the H B C who entertained his Nor'West rivals in 1799 at Osnaburgh House, and informed the Governor and Committee:

"I had the honour of my Neighbours company to dinner; your Honours has the honour of bearing the expences."

NORTHERN BOOKS

LORD SELKIRK'S DIARY 1803-04

Edited by Patrick C.T. White

The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1958. 354 pages.

Reviewed by Col. C. P. Stacey

THIS book, the latest in the distinguished series of volumes produced by the Champlain Society, is important on two counts. Lord Selkirk's diaries of 1803-4 tell us a great deal about Canada and the United States at that period; but they also tell us much about Selkirk himself.

The great passion of Selkirk's life was the colonization of British North America. He is remembered today chiefly for his venture at Red River, which may be said to have laid the foundations of Manitoba; but this was only one of several similar enterprises. Some of them never got beyond the stage of theory; but Selkirk actually founded a settlement in Prince Edward Island in 1803, and another at Baldoon on Lake St. Clair in Upper Canada the following year. The latter was an "almost total failure," but the former prospered and was an important contribution to the development of the province. The journals here printed are products of Selkirk's North American travels in connection with these two projects and related ones.

Selkirk had an insatiable interest in people and things; he was a lover of exact information and liked to record it. As he travelled through North America he met the great men of the time and set down his impressions of them and what they said to him (one person whom he describes at length is Alexander Hamilton); but he also met the little men, the builders and the blacksmiths and above all the pioneer farmers, and he delighted to talk to them and record what they told him of their problems and the solutions they had found. He wrote down everything that could conceivably be of use in his settlement projects. The result is that his diary is a treasury of the economic history of the period. In particular, anyone seeking solid information on the life of the North American settler at the beginning of the nineteenth century will find plenty of it here. There are also first-hand descriptions of dozens of North American communities, great and small. Halifax, where "the Officers of Govt." with the military and naval community "form a society pretty much apart from the Mercantile part of the town"; York (Toronto) "the roads called streets infamous & almost impassable—the whole appears very ragged from the Stumps"; Boston, where the theatre audience was "not much dressed—men seemed mostly straight from the Counting house"; Montreal, whose "society has been much hurt by the animosities of the Old & New North West Companies"; so it goes. Selkirk notes in Lower Canada "even in private society how much the English & [French] Canadians draw asunder." The manners of the Americans are a matter of endless interest to him. "I can speak from my own observation to their always returning civility—but there is certainly a great contrast between the Americans & Canadians in the readiness of the latter to behave obligingly—they will be surly too if provoked but not till he meets with actual aggression —the American on the Contrary seems when he meets a stranger to expect insult & to be on the *qui vive* to meet it in kind —& frequently gives a surly *answer* before he gives you time to speak!—it is not till he meets with actual civility that he relaxes into good humour."

The originals of these diaries were destroyed in an accidental fire in Scotland. Most fortunately, however, a transcript had been made for the Public Archives of Canada, and this is the basis of the present volume; it was evidently a very careful copy. The editor, Mr. Patrick C. T. White of the University of Toronto, has given in his introduction an excellent brief sketch of Selkirk's Canadian career, and has been enormously industrious in providing helpful explanatory notes to the diaries. He has produced a volume which throws interesting new light on a man whom modern Canadians in both east and west have reason to remember with respect and gratitude.

Colonel C. P. Stacey is director of the Historical Section, Department of National Defence, Army Headquarters.

LISTENING POINT

by Sigurd F. Olson, illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques

McClelland and Stewart Ltd., Toronto, and Alfred Knopf, N.Y. 243 pages. $5.00.

Reviewed by R. W. Sutton

WHAT can one say that has not been said earlier and better about Sigurd Olson's work? The man's profound sympathy and affection for the wilderness speaks in every line, and every line is a gem of easy-flowing prose.

Listening Point has been set up as a series of tales, twenty-eight in all, revolving around a much-loved camp site in the Quetico-Superior country. In the reminiscences it stirs it might, in fact, refer to any wilderness area of the Canadian Shield.

This is not a story book. Rather, it is a frank and unembarrassed expression of a man's philosophy of wilderness living. Read as a complete book, it may well be too cloying, too overflowing with love of the wilderness, to appeal to many readers. Happily, it is segmented into a series of chapters, each of which, carefully savoured, brings the delights of wilderness living into vivid focus.

Too often one sees the writings of a nature lover who knows not what he loves. On the other hand the trained naturalist—as distinct from the nature lover—sometimes displays an astonishing lack of sympathy for the aesthetic side of nature. In *Listening Point* we have an intriguing combination of the philosopher enjoying the wilderness, and the naturalist fully aware of the intricate scheme of

life around him. Accordingly one can browse and dream through such chapters as "The Witching Hour" or "The Sound of Rain," or read and learn in the tales of "Beaver Cutting," and "Bobcat Trail."

Is there ever a book completely unmarred by some silly little error? On three different pages the French *pays d'en haut*, is spelt "pays den haut," to what purpose, one may be allowed to wonder —unless it is a deliberate "plant" to keep the critical reviewer happy.

The illustrations by Francis Lee Jaques are up to his high standards. As chapter headings, they not only embellish the book but knit well with the text. Actually this volume has two wilderness illustrators: Jaques, with his superb scratch-board drawings, and Olson, whose word-pictures would be difficult to equal.

For those who still seek the far horizons, and for those chained to civilization by circumstance, the wilderness is now attainable between two covers marked *Listening Point*.

Mr. Sutton is director of the Manitoba Museum.

PATHFINDERS IN THE NORTH PACIFIC

by Marius Barbeau

Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, and Ryerson Press, Toronto. 235 pages. $6.00.

Reviewed by Madge Wolfenden

IN *Pathfinders in the North Pacific* Doctor Marius Barbeau has stepped out of his own field of anthropology and folklore into a new realm, that of historical writing. The book which he has produced is a curious mixture of fact and fiction. Old-timers' narratives and Indian legends rub shoulders with long and sometimes pointless quotations from the classics of 18th century travel literature describing Siberia, Alaska, and the Northwest Coast of North America generally.

The author who enjoys a certain reputation as an anthropologist and folklorist has written copiously on his own subjects for many years, both in his official capacity at the National Museum of Canada, and for pleasure. His interest in the native tribes of the North Pacific coast has absorbed and fascinated him and he must have spent years in studying the art, folklore and legends of these unusual people. From his study of the aborigines of British Columbia and Alaska he has become interested in the history and geography of the region and in the numerous Europeans who, since the beginning of the 18th century have undertaken voyages of discovery to the North Pacific Ocean. He has read widely and must have made innumerable notes and references during many years of patient study. It is unfortunate that he has not been able to produce a definitive work from all this mass of information.

Despite its title *Pathfinders in the North Pacific* the book is not really about the early explorers. It deals with the sea-otter (there are four chapters on this intriguing creature), with whaling and the hobbies of the whalers; two chapters are devoted to narratives about the Klondike gold rush. The average, uncritical reader will no doubt be entertained with this curious variety of topics, but the discriminating reader and the student are sure to be distressed over its many inaccuracies of historic fact, the amateurish and unacademic footnotes, and the totally inadequate and inconsistent index.

There will be many who will enjoy reading *Pathfinders* for it does contain many engrossing narratives and much unusual and interesting information on a wide variety of unexpected topics. This will have to be done in a spirit of tolerance for the many shortcomings which the book reveals.

Arthur Price's attractive drawings and the format of the book in general are to be commended.

Former archivist, Miss Wolfenden is a west coast historian and free-lance writer.

ARCTIC CANADA FROM THE AIR

by Moira Dunbar and Keith Greenaway

Defence Research Board. Queen's Printer, Ottawa. 541 pages. $8.00.

Reviewed by A. Copland

THIS large book does not lend itself to an easy method of review, but the current public interest in arctic matters makes it almost mandatory that any book which is a worthwhile contribution to our knowledge of this country should be commented on.

It is the work of two members of the Defence Research Board staff and there is enough material in it to make any interested reader go through it time and again. No one is better qualified to make this unique presentation than Moira Dunbar, geographer, and Keith Greenaway, ace arctic navigator. Here is combined expert knowledge of topographical features and their value as an aid to navigation over this difficult country. The authors are both experienced arctic travellers who know what they want to tell and do it well.

The authors intend the book to be "an aid to map reading from the air and a source of general information which may be of value to airmen flying in the vast and frequently monotonous expanses of the Canadian Arctic." This is the restrained official view, but to this reviewer, not unacquainted with what has already been written on the Canadian Arctic, its publication marks the end of guesswork for here in non-technical language is a commentary on the entire Arctic.

The main part of the book is divided into areas and as this staggering panorama unrolls beneath the reader we follow thousands of miles of coastline to the accompaniment of a "briefing." Each picture is directionally oriented and it is easy to find the written reference to it. Here is an example of how the authors explain the moving map below.

"Part of the plateau is covered by a tongue of the ice cap, which extends westwards from north of Croker Bay to a point near the head of Stratton Inlet (Figs. 326, 327). Between this and the south coast and continuing to west of Blanley Bay, there is incomplete ice cover, with few glaciers reaching the sea and many ice-free patches, the largest being around Croker Bay (Fig. 324). West of Maxwell Bay there is a small isolated ice cap (Fig. 330). The maximum height of the ice cap in the plateau area is about 4,100 feet in the extreme east, falling off westwards to 2,000 feet. The ice-free areas are a little under 2,000 feet."

Each one of the great islands of the arctic archipelago is treated in this manner and all areas are profusely illustrated with air photographs and maps.

The general chapters in this book are excellent and contain almost everything an airman should know about the country north of the timber. The authors have done a lot of original work in their respective fields which accounts for the authoritative and convincing style. In the midst of the current arctic fervour the reader will be amazed to be quietly informed that the arctic age of discovery ended with McClintock in 1859. For the past hundred years we have been investigating, filling in the blanks, classifying and mapping.

The reference sources given in Appendix "B" give some idea of the research that had to be done in preparation of the script. The book will not only be of value to the airman, but also to those who will follow after to do the detailed work on the ground. The layman will find the admirable summaries of historical exploration for each area, and the notes on settlement and population, of great interest. The authors are to be congratulated on an excellent piece of work.

Sq. Ldr. Copland, now a civilian employee in the Department of National Defence, has an abiding interest in the Arctic.

LONE HUNTER'S FIRST BUFFALO HUNT
by Donald Worcester

Oxford University Press, Toronto, 92 pages. $3.00.

TRAILMAKER, THE STORY OF ALEXANDER MACKENZIE
by Richard S. Lambert

McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 160 pages. $2.95.

MOHAWK VALLEY
by Ronald Welch

Oxford University Press, Toronto, 226 pages. $2.50.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

HERE we have three "juveniles," by three authors, each of whom has considerable experience in this difficult and important field of writing. The three books differ greatly in accuracy, value, and craftsmanship. Donald Worcester's *Lone Hunter's First Buffalo Hunt* is one of a series describing the adventures of "Lone Hunter," a small boy of the warlike Oglala Sioux. The plot is simple, for the book is addressed to quite young readers, but there is plenty of action and suspense. The author's picture of the life of the Oglala Sioux is sufficiently accurate, though there are some misapprehensions, such as that the men spend much of their leisure time in "polishing their arrows." Just why arrows need polishing is not explained. Nor is the description of a travois accurate. The illustrations by Harper Johnson are fair enough, though the animal on page 19 is not a pronghorn as the text requires.

Richard S. Lambert's *Trailmaker* is also one of a series, having been preceded by the stories of Franklin and Hearne, while this one deals with Mackenzie. His two heroic journeys, down the Mackenzie, and across land to the Pacific, are among the great legends of exploration and can never fail to make a good story. Mr. Lambert's well-written account of them follows the original narratives by Mackenzie himself pretty closely, which has ensured accuracy in this respect, but it would appear that the author has done but little more in the way of research, for there are many slips and misunderstandings. For instance, the statement on page 8, that Mackenzie knew "nothing about rifles"; rifling the barrel of a firearm dates back to about 1520. On page 89 we are told that Mackenzie was nicknamed "Kitchi Okema, 'the fast traveller'," but surely Kitchi means "big," and Okema means "chief," and so the "nickname" was simply the normal name for the leader of the expedition. Gum for repairing canoes is obtained from pine or spruce trees, or fir, but not from cedar. Other instances could be cited. The book makes good reading, nevertheless, and most of its readers will not know the difference.

Ronald Welch's *Mohawk Valley* is a different matter entirely, and is a first-rate example of what a good "juvenile" can and should be. The author has at least four other books to his credit and, if they are all as good as this one is, he well deserves the success he has enjoyed. His account of the taking of Quebec is painstakingly researched, but his care for accuracy has not in any way taken from the liveliness of his narrative or the swift movement of the story. This, too, is directed to the teen-age reader rather than to the younger boys, but Welch has not written down to them at all and many an adult will find it just as enjoyable a story as I did.

Dr. Leechman, former Dominion archaeologist, is the author of a number of books, the last, "Native Tribes of Canada" written with the young reader in mind.

HURT NOT THE EARTH
by E. Newton-White

The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 188 pages. $4.95.

Reviewed by Gordon D. Taylor

EACH year business firms large and small present their stockholders with an annual report showing how their funds have been managed during the preceding year. Government departments also present annual reports which show how their share of the public business has been conducted. Mr. Newton-White has now presented to Canadians a statement of how they are managing their most important business—the utilization of renewable natural resources. As the author presents the picture of our stewardship of these resources, we have little of which to be proud.

Each succeeding generation of Canadians has squandered a little more of the wealth that our ancestors found in North America, and each generation passes on to its successor a heritage a little less rich than it received. If a business firm reported the same type of management it would not long remain in operation. Mr. Newton-White is afraid that we as Canadians may suffer the same fate as the poorly managed business.

There is no one group responsible for this mis-management. The author lays the blame on every one. We may all not agree with the author's appreciation of the situation. That is to be expected. There is, however, much in the pages of this book to make every Canadian think long and seriously about the management of the resources of Canada.

As bad as the author sees the situation to be, there is still time for change and improvement. He lists ten steps which can be taken to place our management of renewable resources in a much healthier position. He calls for "a national stocktaking of all living resources complete, kept constantly up to date, and kept before the public, with full and unbiased research applied to this inventory to determine the amount of allowable utilization consistent with undiminishing yields"; and, "a long range policy of transference of the living resources, to the greatest extent possible and practicable, to small private enterprise and ownership under regulations." This last recommendation would mean a complete reversal of present trends in resource utilization where the units of ownership tend to become larger and larger, and the number of direct owners fewer and fewer.

There is much in this book for all Canadians to think about. It is a book that should be widely read. Other appreciations will be made, other remedies will appear, but, if Mr. Newton-White does nothing more with this book than make people think seriously about the resources of this country, he will have made an important contribution to a better and a future Canada.

Excellent drawings by Thoreau MacDonald have caught the theme of the book and present it in a highly visual quality.

Mr. Taylor is a geographer with the government Parks Branch of British Columbia.

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX
by Barbeau and Hornyansky

Oxford University Press, Toronto. 144 pages. $3.00.

WELL written fairy stories are not necessarily for the very young. Entering into the fabric of folklore, the similarity of legend in world-divided countries attests to the fundamental simplicity and uniformity of human dreams, or to the roving propensity of human beings.

Not that there is any need to be profound about *The Golden Phoenix*. The collaboration of Marius Barbeau and Michael Hornyansky has resulted in a group of delightful tales, becomingly illustrated by Arthur Price, and attractively printed and bound. The fact that a story has come from Europe, or from far-off Arabia to the New World, thence to the Indians, thence back to French Canada, and finally to an English storybook merely adds a spice for the adult fairy-tale reader. —M.B.

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